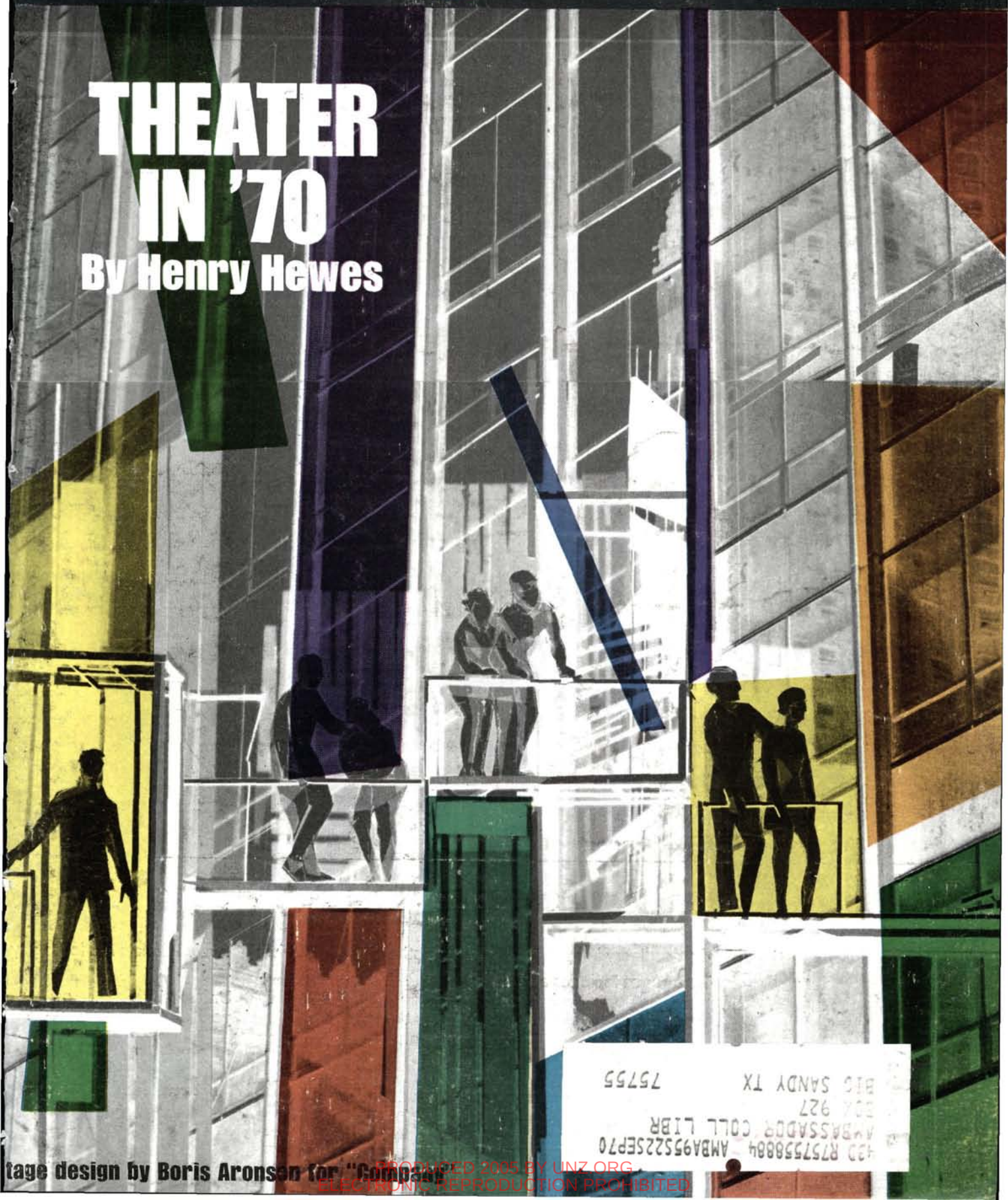
COMMUNICATIONS · BOOKS · TRAVEL · MOVIES · FESTIVALS USA

Saturday Review

JUNE 13, 1970/50¢



THEATER IN '70

By Henry Hewes

tage design by Boris Aronson for "Company"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1970 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

$12 an ounce.

It's the Parker International Classic Ball Pen. In sterling silver. Yet so slim and so carefully made, it weighs just an ounce.

But what an ounce! It includes an ink supply that lasts and lasts and lasts, as much as five times longer than ordinary ballpoints.

That ounce includes a ball tip that writes cleanly from the start, and puts down a crisp track at less than four ounces of pressure.

That ounce can be had with a highly personal choice of four distinctive point styles: extra-fine, fine, medium or broad.

And that ounce is guaranteed to perform flawlessly for a lifetime (with normal refill replacement, of course) or Parker will repair or replace it—free.

Twelve dollars is a lot to pay for just an ounce.

Unless it's an ounce of perfection.

PARKER
INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC BALL PEN

The sterling silver International Classic Ball Pen. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $24. Other Parker pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Presidential Fountain Pen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sent to you as **ADVANCE BOOK-DIVIDENDS** from the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®**

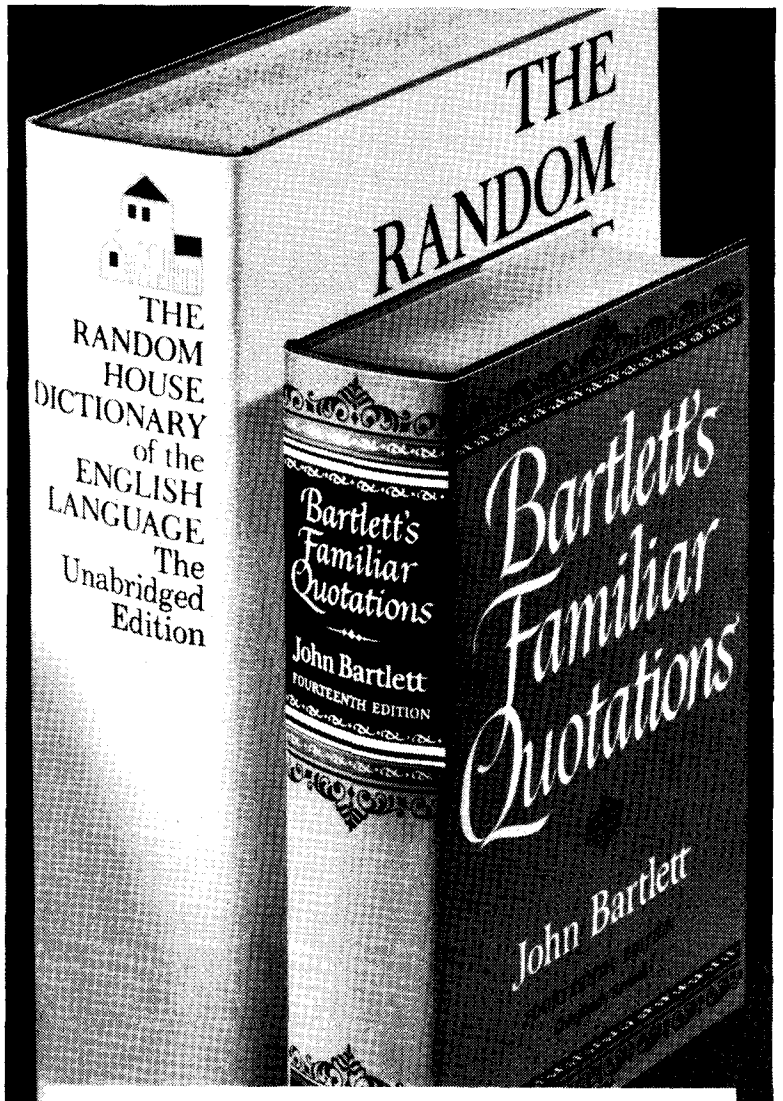
IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

BOTH OF THESE INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE WORKS for only $6

[RETAIL PRICES TOTAL $45]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three Club choices within a year at special members' prices

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about


THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE The Unabridged Edition
Bartlett's Familiar Quotations
John Bartlett
FOURTEENTH EDITION

The Random House Dictionary

UNABRIDGED EDITION

[RETAIL PRICE $30]

2091 pages—260,000 entries • Thumb-indexed • World Atlas/Gazetteer • 64 pages of full-color maps • Foreign language dictionaries—French, Spanish, German and Italian • Concise manual of style • Important historical dates • Common signs & symbols.

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations

LATEST REVISED EDITION

[RETAIL PRICE $15]

An indispensable aid to readers • The world's wit and wisdom in quotations, proverbs, etc. • Arranged chronologically by author 1776 pages • 117,000 entries • Indexed by both author and quotation • "The best *Bartlett* ever"—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can help you build up a well-rounded home library at little cost, and at the same time **keep you from missing** the important new books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive, each month, the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, which describes the monthly Selections, as well as *scores of other important books*, most of which are available at substantial discounts—up to 40% on more expensive volumes. All of these books are **identical in every respect to the publishers' editions.** There is no obligation to purchase any particular volume, and a convenient instruction form is provided each month so that instead of the Selection you may order an Alternate—or no book at all.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more *for unusually expensive volumes or sets*—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system, together with the sizable discounts on Selections and Alternates, enables members to save **over 60%** of what they would otherwise have to pay for books they are eager to read and own.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 **A166-6-2**

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE and BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, billing me only $6 (retail prices total $45). I agree to purchase at least three monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these books. A small postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... 0-17

City.....

State..... *Zone or Zip*.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June 13, 1970

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 19

Theater in '70

by Henry Hewes

Cover: Illustration adapted from Boris Aronson's stage design for "Company"

IDEAS

19 Theater in '70 by Henry Hewes

EDITORIAL

24 On Human Survival by Lester B. Pearson

BOOKS

27 "A Tale of a Tub" for Our Time by A. Alvarez, an essay review of "The Annotated Lolita" by Vladimir Nabokov and Alfred Appel, Jr.

27 Index of Books Reviewed

29 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

COMMUNICATIONS

51 News and the Functional Illiterate by Richard L. Tobin

53 Do News Media Overplay Disorder? Press Power Revisited by John Tebbel

55 Okay, Thoreau, We Know You're in There by Allen R. Dodd

57 When Journalists Become PR Men by Norman Hill

60 Madison Avenue: The Name of the Game by George Lazarus

THE ARTS

MOVIES

26 Arthur Knight reviews "The Out-of-Towners," "Watermelon Man," and "Norwood."

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

46 Music Festivals USA—Summer 1970

49 Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

TRAVEL

34 Horace Sutton savors Mexico City's cuisine.

COLUMNS

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

8 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

12 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

40 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

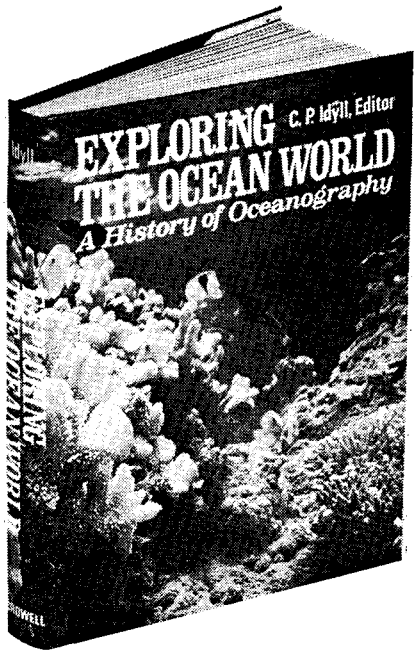
WORD GAMES

28 Your Literary I.Q.

43 Literary Crypt

58 Wit Twister

70 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1888



"The first comprehensive volume on the science of the sea.... a magnificent job."

—RALPH HOLLENBECK, *King Features*

"Coverage is broad, beginning with a synopsis by Idyll, and including contributions on underwater landscape, biology, physics, chemistry, food from the sea, farming the sea, mineral resources and power, and two very fine chapters on underwater archaeology and man beneath the sea. The authors are among the finest scientists in the field and are all highly qualified writers."
—*Library Journal*

The contributors are: Robert S. Dietz, Charles E. Lane, James B. Rucker, Hiroshi Kasahara, C. F. Hickling, Mendel Peterson, Neil R. Andersen, and Captain Edward L. Beach.

43 color plates and 246 black-and-white photographs and drawings complement the lively text. $14.95

EXPLORING THE OCEAN WORLD

A History of Oceanography

Edited by C. P. IDYLL, author of Abyss

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
201 Park Ave. South, New York 10003

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $10 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIII, No. 24, June 13, 1970. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1970 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COINTREAU

LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

To a Resident Virus

Exit Pneumococci
Playing rough as hockey
With my nervous strings
Dizzying my psyche
Running 'round in rings
List while I'm ad-libbing
This litanic hymn
Tired of your ribbing
I am not a gym.

Exit Pneumococci
Running me all rocky
Bats with busy wings
Jabberwocky music
Like Miss Ella sings
List while I repeat it
What I said before
Hurry bugs and beat it
Out and slam the door.

—HOWARD DIETZ.

The Wave of the Future

VARIOUS PEOPLE have proposed that the cities of the future should be covered by vast domes to keep out the rain and make it possible to keep the whole city at a constant temperature, and there is little question that this idea eventually will be put into effect. There has been some discussion as to whether these domes should be opaque, so as to protect people from sunlight and such, or transparent so people can look at the sky. My own feeling is that they should be transparent. You might not think the sky is much to look at right now, but in the year 2000 it could be quite a different matter. I am referring to the prospect of *cloud control.*

At present, scientists have no control over the time that clouds are going to come by or the shapes they will assume. Sometimes there are so many clouds that there is not enough light outside, and sometimes there are no clouds at all; and their shapes are completely irregular and meaningless. It is not good for science to have no control over something. By the year 2000, however, it will be possible for scientists to control clouds so that they come over at regular, stated intervals and have predetermined geometric forms. For instance, the clouds might be cubical on Mondays, tetrahedral on Tuesdays, dodecahedral on Wednesdays, etc. The educational value of this should not be underestimated. And clouds will be timed so accurately that you will be able to set your watch by them.

Now, I can predict in advance that there are going to be some sentimental old ladies who will object to this. For instance, they will say there are some people who *like* to look at clouds, and they will point out that children like to imagine faces and animals and such in the funny shapes of clouds. They will claim that controlled clouds would be too boring to look at. However, this difficulty can not only be remedied, but turned to advantage. The scientists of the future will be able to make clouds move and change in definite patterns, so that they will make pictures and act out stories, just like television. Thus the clouds of the future actually will be far more interesting and entertaining to look at than those of today. In fact, there will be regular, planned, educational programing in the sky, which will help teach children all the scientific facts they will need to know to get along in the world of tomorrow. And cloud-vision will be even better than educational television, because people won't be able to switch to a channel with violence on it.

Remember, they are *your clouds* and they should be controlled for *your benefit.*

Another thing these old ladies and bleeding hearts worry about is that the advance of science and industry could destroy the world of nature. These fears are totally unnecessary. A National Park System has been founded in the United States to protect our plants and wildlife, and in the future our National Parks will be even better, far better, than they are today. For instance, in the year 2000 every animal will have a tiny radio transmitter permanently attached to it so that zoologists can keep track of its location and condition. This will enable them to help sick animals or those who get themselves into trouble. Biologists will change the terrain when necessary and will plant all the right food plants to make sure that animals get proper nutrition. (In fact, some of this is even being done right now, today, in a few of our national parks.) For a nominal fee, the public will be admitted to the parks—under the supervision of trained guides to ensure that thoughtless persons do not damage our precious natural heritage. The animals may even have their brains wired so that they can be made to act out their quaint habits for the education of the spectators at a command from the guide.

The bleeding hearts and the ignorant old geezers who are still living in the past think the advance of technology could take away some of our freedom. But this is superstitious nonsense. Exactly the opposite is true. The science of tomorrow will make it possible to have far more freedom than we have today. In fact, by the year 3000, we will be able to eliminate *all laws,* because people will be fixed so they will never even want to do anything that isn't for the good of society. Each baby when it is born will have its mind adjusted by scientists so that it will grow up to be a healthy, happy, public-spirited citizen, anxious to be useful to the community.

And if anybody doesn't like all this, the psychologists of the future will be able to fix him so he does like it.

—THEODORE J. KACZYNSKI.

If Walt Whitman Had Written It Today or I'd Settle for Leaves of Grass

I smell America smelling, the varied odors I smell,
Those of exhaust pipes, each one belching fumes as it should belch, blue and fierce,
The factories smelling strong as their smokestacks fill the air,
The abattoir smelling as it makes ready for work or leaves off work,
The cities smelling what belongs to them in their streets, the glue works smelling in the Jersey swamp,
The riverbed smelling as it flows to the sea, the dump heap smelling as it stands,
The brewery's smell, the garbage truck's on its way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The pervasive smelling of the gasworks, or of the sausage plant at work, or of the plane jetting and whooshing,
As we inhale what belongs to you and me and to none else,
Effluvium belongs to us all—we're a country of numbed noses, smog-filled, groggy,
Smelling with weary nostrils our strong malodorous smells.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWINKLE TWINKLE, LITTLE CAR.

Chevrolet's upcoming little car was named after a star.

No ordinary run-of-the-Milky-Way star, mind you.

Vega. Star of the first magnitude. Brightest in the constellation Lyra.

Which gives our car a lot to live up to.

Fine.

Consider the name a commitment.

Bright. But not flashy.

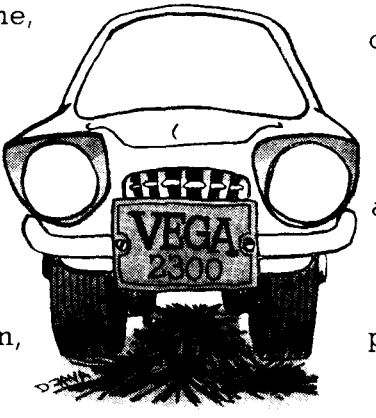
True, Vega is going to look great.

True, it will come in 10 shiny acrylic lacquer colors including bright yellow.

But where it's really going to shine is where it doesn't even show. In the chassis, the body, the engine, the brakes, the suspension, the nuts, the bolts.

We built Vega from scratch.

Everything was designed for this car and this car alone. And it all comes together on the most highly automated precision production line in the world, at our plant near Lordstown, Ohio.



What we're saying is, Vega is going to be an exceptionally well-built little car.

It is going to be a joy to own and drive. You'll see.

Solid. But not square.

We don't buy the idea that an inexpensive, economical car automatically means dull driving.

Vega's 2300-cubic-centimeter overhead cam engine will make it move a lot more briskly than your average little car. Vega's disc/drum brake system will make it stop emphatically. Vega's 25.5-foot turning circle (curb to curb) will make it maneuver more nimbly than most.

We've been calling it "the little car that does everything well."

Well, we're not kidding.

The astronomy ends here.

You'd figure a car with all that going for it would have an astronomical price, compared to ordinary little cars.

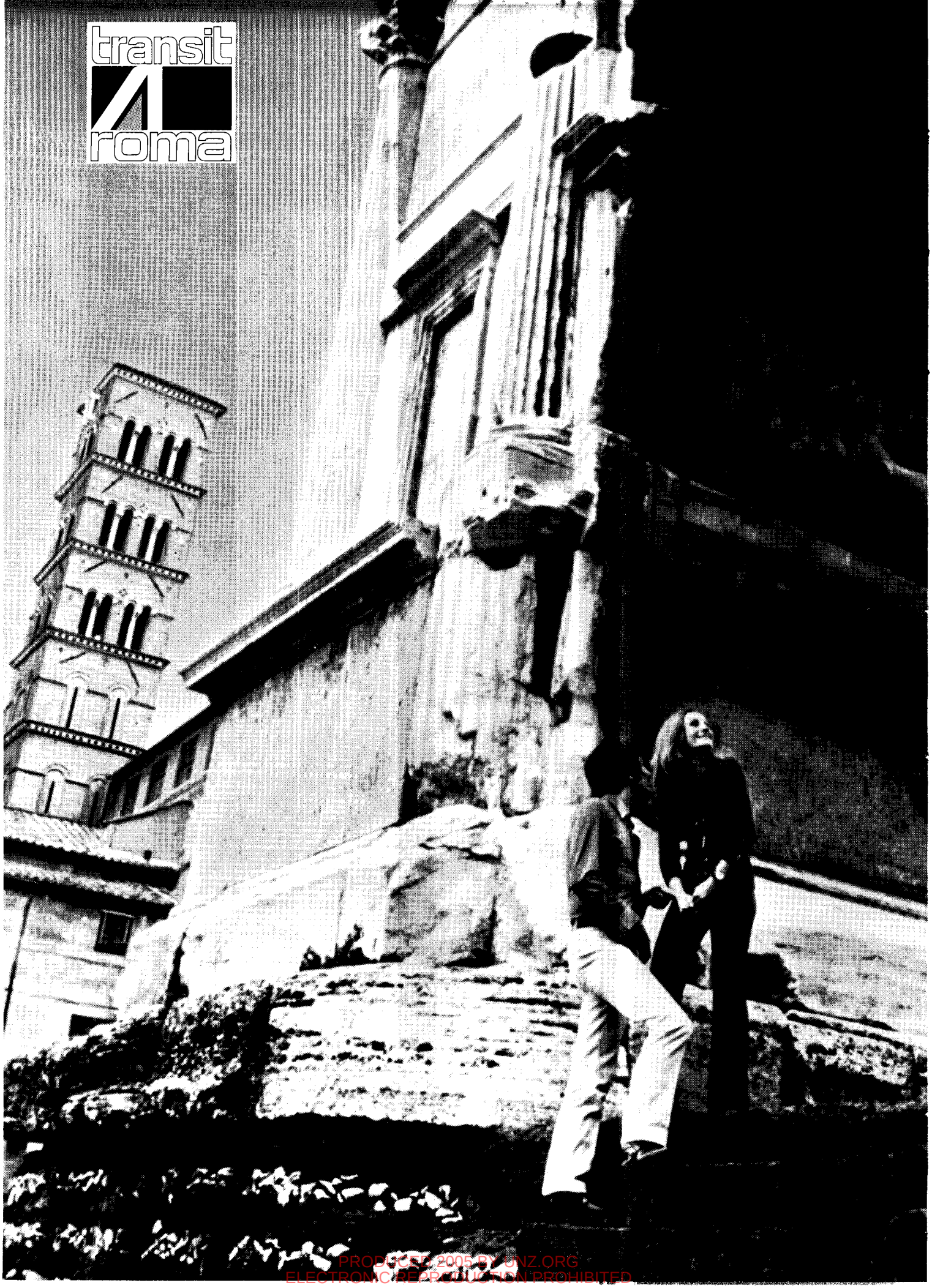
You figured wrong.

When it comes down to price, our star comes down to earth. You'll be pleasantly surprised.

VEGA
CHEVROLET

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the rare gems in the Forum you'll only get the full history on if you go with someone who knows his way around.

Give Alitalia 6, 12 or 24 hours of your time. And we'll show you the ages.

When you next arrange a trip, plan it to pass through Rome. Give yourself a six, twelve, or twenty-four hour break and we'll show you Rome like nobody can. We live here. We know our way around. So in a day, or less than a day, we can give you the whole Rome picture. And you can relax in the role.

There's nothing for you to do except sit back and enjoy the scene. From the time we meet you until the time you leave. It's a relaxed performance all the way.

The tours are the star relaxers. But you're not forced to take them. You can spend your time picking up jewels in the shops. Or lie on the beach all day. You do what you want to do. You're the star. You can make it a six, twelve or twenty-four hour epic.

Alitalia's Roman Epics.

SCENARIO: The opening scene. You come into the airport and we have our special person there to give you the star treatment and let you sail through the formalities. Then we have someone drive you to the hotel. Give you time to bathe and get organized to go on set. Then there are lunches, dinners and breakfasts to feast on. A choice of spectacular tours you can take. You can act out the history of Rome. See the church in all its glory. Live a "twenty-four hour night" on another tour. Or trip out to the world of gods and goddesses. And you can do all the things that movie stars like doing. Buy up the shops. Lie half naked on the beach. Go out on the town. We can also arrange for you to eat out in two of Rome's excellent restaurants Do the clubs And stay a few extra days if you want.

We'll give you a good time all the way. And for a finale, pick you up from your hotel and drive you out to the airport to catch your plane.

How to land the star part in one of Alitalia's Epics.

First decide which of the epics you want to be in on. And then go see your travel agent or come into the nearest Alitalia office. Ask which Alitalia flights will best fit a visit to Rome into your plans. And leave the rest to us. Be sure to make the arrangements at least two weeks before you leave.

We'd hate not to have you in on the epic.

FLY Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

SR-TR-6-13

To: The Director, Alitalia Roman Epics
Alitalia Airlines, 666 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10019

Please send me all the ingredients to make me a star in Rome. Brochures, prices, everything.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State..... Zip .....

My local travel agent is.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Déjà Vu

TRY THIS FOR A MOMENT:

China decides to attempt to bring Vietnam more firmly inside the rim of Chinese influence. A small contingent of "special forces" is sent to Vietnam to act as advisers. That doesn't pan out; so a military force is sent in to fight it out. This is followed by a cry of "escalation" by a more temperate group in China.

"Why should we take Chinese troops, money, and provisions, and waste them on such a hot, desolate, and useless place that is definitely in the class of not being worth it?" asked an antiwar Chinese spokesman.

If you think I'm projecting a grim future, you are wrong. I'm looking over my shoulder, déjà-vuing all the way back to the year 1600 something, when China was the country that was going to rescue Vietnam from itself even if the latter had to be destroyed.

According to Eric Widmer, the distinguished assistant professor of Asian history at Brown University, the geography is the same, only the names of the leading politicians have changed.

And even those names haven't changed drastically. The seventeenth-century original cast included Le Loi, the guerrilla leader whose elephant attacks on the Chinese made Peking change its mind, and caused Chinese Emperor Hsuant-te to start a "Withdraw from Vietnam" movement. And they did, according to Professor Widmer's research, because the Chinese troops, led by General Sun Shih-i, were "unsure" why they were in Vietnam.

The wars went on through the eighteenth century when other players in this charade included the names of Nguyen Hue, a rebellious Southerner, Ch'ien-lung, a later Emperor of China, Yung Lo, whoever, and many other unpronounceable characters.

And that's my hangup. I had just learned to spell and pronounce as precisely as a newscaster the Vietnamese names of places and people—Nguyen Thieu, Ky, Danang, Quangngai, Phanthiet, Phanrang, Nhatrang, and Trang somebody or other whom Thieu didn't like, and Hue, pronounced Hway, as in Hneighbor and Hweigh.

All of a sudden we are now thrown into Cambodia and a whole new set of tongue twisters—Pnompenh, Neak Luong, Snoul, Memot, Kompong Cham, Tayninh, and a lieutenant general named Do Cao Tri, whose principal business is to make the word "sanctuary" mean a safe place you wouldn't want to be caught dead in.

The lessons of the history of these centuries-old, fruitless wars may have escaped our leaders, but the rest of us are certainly getting some free lessons in history. And high time. We've been so involved with names like Miami Beach, Palm Springs, and Las Vegas that we've forgotten good old popular Quangngai, to say nothing of General Do Cao Tri.

Darn clever those Indochinese. Whenever one of their generals, the names of all of whom seem to overlap, loses a battle in a sound-alike town, and he is accused of treason, nobody will ever be able to pin down him or the town.

American traitors are more easily identified. How many Benedict Arnolds are there? I've never met a general, or a civilian, or even an Indochinese named Benedict. Arnold maybe, but not Benedict.

Do you, for instance, recall the name of the Taiwanese who tried to assassinate National China's Deputy Premier when he visited New York City? Any jury that reads the story as printed in *The New York Times* would never be able to tell the players even with a score card. It went like this:

When Chiang Ching-kuo, son of Chiang Kai-shek, walked into the Plaza Hotel, Peter Huang tried shooting him and at the same time shouting, "Long live Formosa, long live Taiwan, down with Chiang Kai-shek"—too long a speech for an assassination. ("Sic semper tyrannis" would have been better.) He was wrestled to the ground, and the shot went astray. Huang was taken into custody along with Tzu-tai Cheng, accused of acting in concert.

Later, Dr. Trong R. Chai said neither Huang nor Cheng had anything to do with his World United Formosans; this was confirmed by a Dr. Lung-chu Chen. I'll bet even now you don't remember the names of the men arrested. No fair looking back.

But you should remember, just as you should the name of Do Cao Tri, and all the Nhatrangs and the Phanrangs. History is being made, and we are swept along its destructive swath.

Personally, I'm studying ahead. Already I know Phetchabun in Thailand, and Balikpapan in Borneo, and Buluan in Mindanao, and Walla Walla in Washington. Anywhere the war goes, I'm ready.

We'd rather you buy another brand of piano than no piano at all.

We think everybody ought to have music in his soul. It could make quite a difference. Oh, we don't claim it would save the world or feed the hungry masses. But it could make life a lot more pleasant in the face of all the problems we have to live with. And it's available to anyone who'll try.

We don't expect everyone to become a concert artist. But we do believe that everyone can learn to make music.

Especially on a piano. That's the best place to begin. It's the foundation instrument, embodying all the theory, all the beauty of music. Our piano. Anybody's piano.

YAMAHA
INTERNATIONAL CORP. MONTEBELLO, CALIF. 90640

Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1. Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2. The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3. Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
4. Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5. Do men need more recreation than women?
6. What kind of parents do hippies make?
7. Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8. The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9. What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10. Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11. What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12. Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13. Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14. Does a child think before he can talk?
15. Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16. Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17. Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is a new magazine that enables the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliche-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.

6-234

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started for just $6.00, my special Introductory rate—instead of the regular $10 annual price.

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our combination Sign of the Times and Typo of the Week came from Mrs. Gordon Shipman, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, who located in her local *Daily Journal* the story of how the Louisville *Times* somehow lost the word "precipitation" in its weather forecast. "There is," the *Times* forecast read, "less than 5 per cent chance of tonight and tomorrow."

Never, we guess, did the future look darker. "So," Mrs. Shipman bravely wrote, "I canceled my hair appointment."

We also liked the brief story of dramatist Bella Spewack's giving publicist Alfred Katz a book. "It was five years in the writing," she said, "and seven in the telling." Katz refused to name the book. In any case, we bet it had terrific word of mouth.

Page of the Week—from *Hoover's F.B.I.: The Men and the Myth* by William W. Turner:

> The Director is fond of jotting pungent notations on the borders of memorandums, and the filling of all four borders is known as a "four bagger." Once he was irked by a memo that left little room for his scrawlings. "Watch the borders," he wrote in his characteristic green ink. Uncertain of what he meant and afraid to ask, officials carried out the dictum to the letter. For over a week, agents were staked out along the Canadian and Mexican borders, unsure of what they were watching for.

On the student front, not one but two correspondents, Mrs. Edward J. Edenfield III and Mrs. F. H. Nicoll, of Princeton, New Jersey, favored us with an article in *The Princeton Packet* about the Princeton High School strike:

> The teachers proposed that "normal class and examination schedules remain in effect; that the present method of arriving at final grades averages is in effect; and that a student who has a plan for a specific activity in lieu of regular class attendance may be executed with written parental permission."

Share Tuesday with a friend.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

As long as, we always say, it's all *within* the system. In any case, we ourselves picked out our Advertisement of the Week. It was in *The New York Times*, and it was an ad for the movie *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*. "Screenplay by Robert T. Westbrook," the ad said, "from his novel." No actors named at all. Add the ads on the marquees for "Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band*" and you may have a new trend. Writers as *stars*—with billing and everything. It's heady stuff.

In any case, with these thoughts in mind, we had a memorable dinner in Washington with a writer who has a picture on the back of the jacket of his new book, but nothing about him at all—either on the jacket or inside. His name is Larry McMurtry—the book, *Moving On*, an 800-page novel for which Simon & Schuster has extraordinary high hopes. We met Mr. McMurtry through Marcia McGhee, granddaughter of the late *SR* owner and book collector E. De Golyer. Miss McGhee also dined with us and explained that she and Mr. McMurtry had met in a rare book store. "Now," she said happily, "we both collect books."

Why, we wanted to know, didn't Mr. McMurtry's new book carry more information about him? "I like it that way," he said gently. "Anyway, there isn't much to tell. This is my fifth book, you know." And, we asked, what were the others? He ticked them off—*Horseman, Pass By, Leaving Cheyenne, The Last Picture Show*, and a book of essays on Texas called *In a Narrow Grave*. How, we gamely persisted, did they sell? "They didn't," he grinned. "The first sold about a thousand copies, and the second about eight hundred. The third was a big success, though. It must have sold almost fifteen hundred."

Despite Mr. McMurtry's modesty, we managed to ferret from Marcia the information that all three of his novels had sold to the movies, that *Horseman, Pass By* was none other than, in the movies, *Hud*, and finally that *The Last Picture Show* will be filmed by Burt Schneider, who made *Easy Rider*.

Mr. McMurtry, we learned, is thirty-three. He was born in Archer City, Texas (population 1,500). His father is a rancher who runs about 400 cows, only 200 of which are his own. Larry has a younger brother who wants to be a cowboy. Larry describes his father as "a small man rather wizened by the wind." We asked him if he was close to him. "We get on," he said. What, we again persisted, did his father think of him? "He's disturbed by the profanity," McMurtry said. "And so I guess I get less profane all the time. The publishers describe my book as

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfortunately, when you go on vacation you're only prepared to have fun.

When people dream about their vacation, they never dream of something going wrong. This may be human nature, but it's not reality.

Things usually do go wrong. Little things. But things big enough to ruin a day.

For instance, you might arrive at a hotel and find that your beloved family cat is not allowed on the premises. Or that the restaurant you heard so much about requires a tie and jacket. (And you in sandals and a polo shirt.) Or worse than any of those things, you might find that what you thought would be an interesting vacation spot turns out to be a bore.

We'll help find you a hotel where your family cat is as welcome as you are.

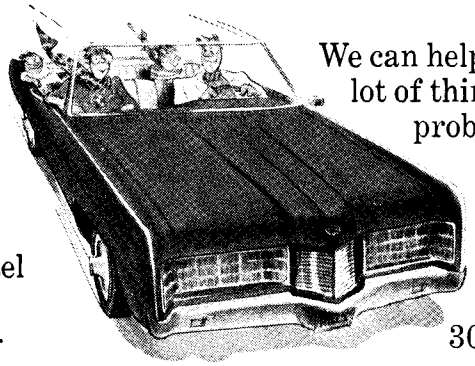
For any of these problems, Hertz can be the saving grace. Because we know more about traveling than anyone else.

We can tell you the name of a hotel that welcomes cats, dogs, or even alligators.

We can recommend restaurants where the atmosphere is as casual as the food is good.

We can tell you where you can get your shoes repaired, your valise fixed or your guitar tuned. If you find your vacation boring, we can work out some very interesting sight-seeing plans.

Hertz has special rates for different kinds of vacations. Starting as low as $7.47 a day.



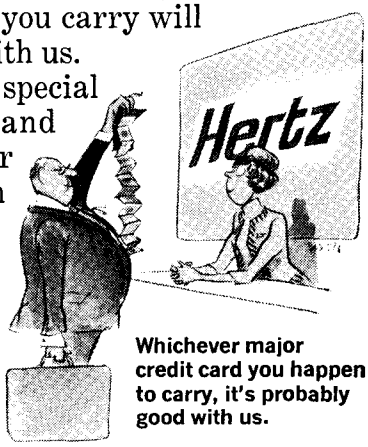
No matter what kind of car you want, chances are we have it. We rent over 30 different makes and models.

We can help you with a lot of things that aren't problems, too.

If you want something other than a Ford sedan, we offer a choice of over 30 different cars: sports cars, convertibles, cars with air conditioning, bucket seats, or a lot of trunk space.

And we accept almost every major credit card. So whichever you carry will probably be okay with us.

We even have special rates in the U. S. and Canada to fit your particular vacation needs. For short-trip driving, we'll rent you a standard or intermediate Ford or similar sedan for only $7.47 a day plus 10¢ a mile and gas. You can get this rate for a minimum of 7 days, a weekend, or a holiday (2 day minimum).



Whichever major credit card you happen to carry, it's probably good with us.

For long drives, we'll give you our $99 a week, Unlimited Mileage rate, as long as you return the car to the city from which you rented it. (Both the $7.47 and $99 rates are available at most but not all Hertz offices.)

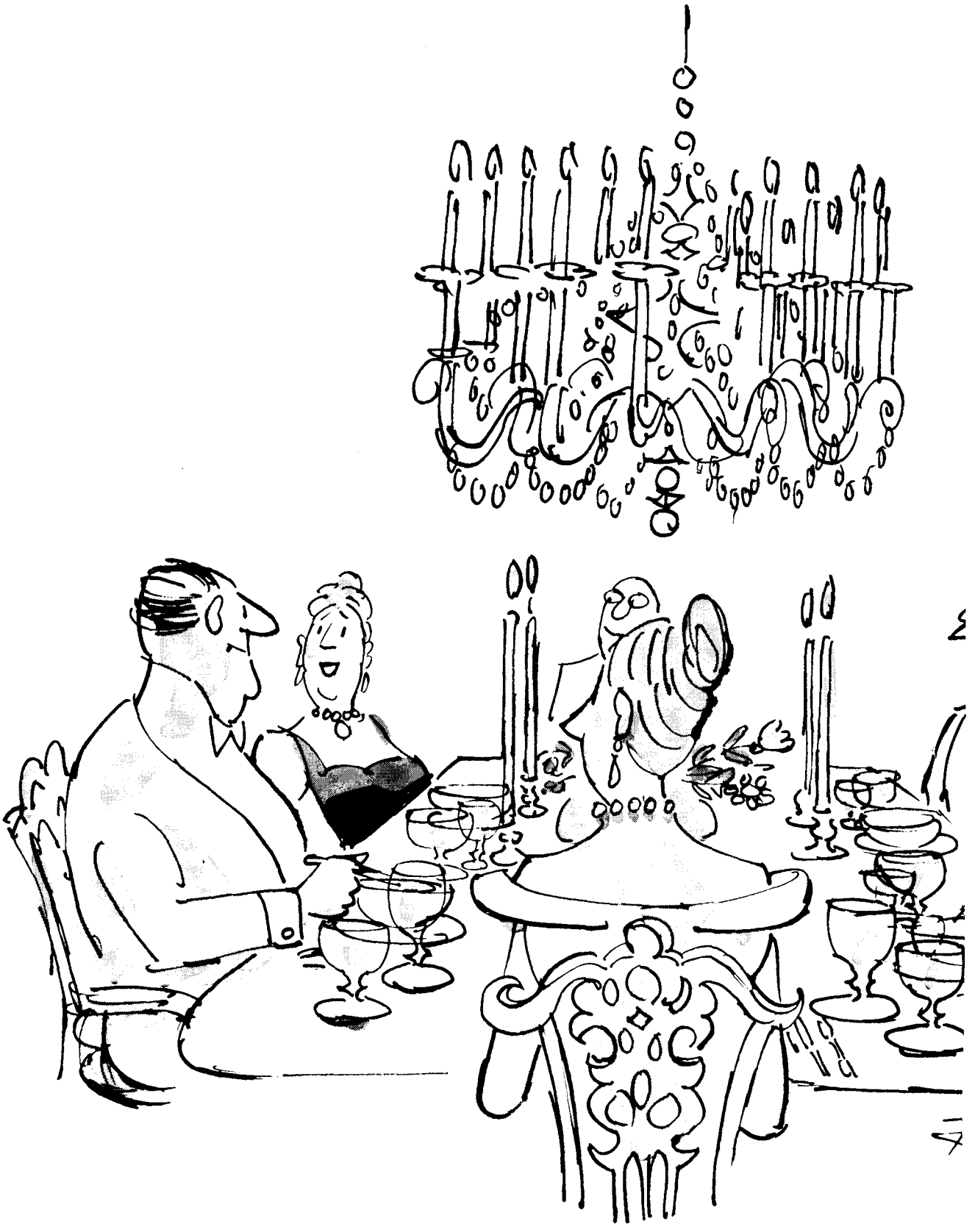
You get all these things when you rent from Hertz. Any one of which can keep your dream vacation from turning into a nightmare.

Hertz

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1970

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Now that Xerox has gone into the computer business, will their copies come out punched with those little square holes?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fact that Xerox has gone into the computer business may surprise some people.

The fact that Scientific Data Systems became part of us in order to do it, won't surprise anybody who knows computers.

They were among the nation's ten largest computer companies with sophisticated equipment that satisfied even the hard-to-satisfy scientific community.

This new computer operation we now call Xerox Data Systems—XDS for short.

And it combines a lot of computer know-how with our own experience in the business world.

The result is that now Xerox has another way to help business people communicate and manage information and knowledge.

This, after all, is what we've been doing right along with our copying machines, microfilm, telecommunications devices, and so on.

What's surprising isn't that Xerox has gone into computers.

It's that anybody should be surprised.

XEROX

XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

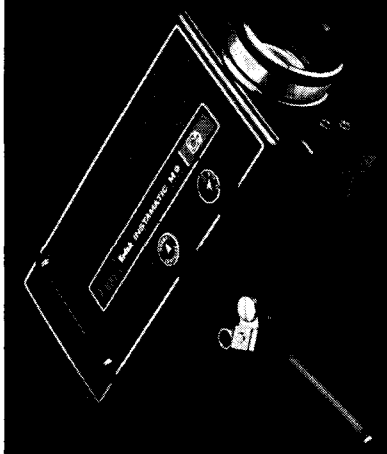
Drop-in movies.

Drop in . . . shoot! Just drop in the film cartridge and you're ready to shoot bright, sharp, colorful super 8 movies. Automatically.

No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch the film.

This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast *f*/1.8 lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than $200. At your photo dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.



Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.

Kodak

old-fashioned, and that's all right with me. I'm not really interested in being new-fashioned, and I'm not at all interested in being avant-garde or experimental.

"There's no stopping anyone who really wants to write," McMurtry said. "I learned that when I was lecturing recently in Nacogdoches. An old man came up to me from Henderson and shyly showed me three large loose-leaf volumes. At first I was scared. I thought he was going to give me a manuscript. But then I saw they were three scrapbooks, and I thought they were all clippings about him. Do you know what they were? They were all rejection slips. Thirty-six hundred rejection slips. The really sad thing was he had sold two stories, too—one to the *Saturday Evening Post* twenty-two years ago and one to *Escapade* five years ago. The rejection slips were all neatly pasted in—although on some of the later ones I noticed he had begun to scribble things. Replies, I guess."

Mr. McMurtry's book is about marriage—and somehow it brought to mind our favorite faux pas of the week. Doris Monahan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, found it on the Lincoln *Journal*'s Woman's Page—a photo caption.

> May we present again this morning Miss Elizabeth Wilson whose engagement and approaching marriage to the wrong man were announced on Friday morning.

"I've known a few parents," Miss Monahan writes, "who felt this way, but this is the first time I've seen it in print." And, as if that weren't enough, Paul Miller, of Alliance, Ohio, sent us the story from the Alliance *Review* of Alliance High School's "Queen Selection Day":

> The highlight of the evening, however, will be the drowning of the Queen and her four court members.

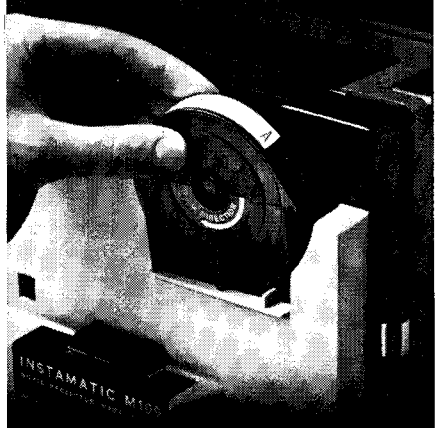
Now we know why for years we've watched Miss America, Miss Teen Age America, Mrs. America, Miss U.S.A., Miss World, Miss Universe. We knew someday *something* would happen.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1887)

(Polly) REDFORD:
BILLION-DOLLAR SANDBAR

Resort clothes and rented cars make it awfully hard to tell who's who in Miami Beach, where competition for status has become so intense that a brisk trade in rented furs and jewels has sprung up for women who want to play queen for a day.

Drop-in movies.



Drop in . . . show! This Kodak Instamatic M109 movie projector makes showing movies as easy as taking them.

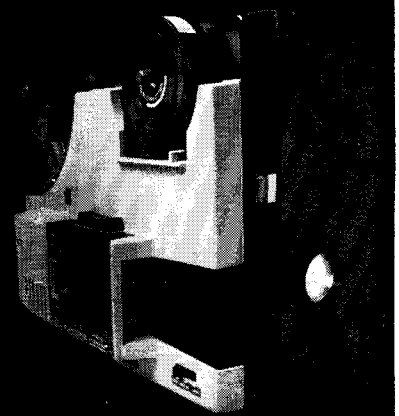
The secret's in Kodak's new projection cartridge.

Just drop it into place . . . and turn on the show. You don't have to handle the film at all. When the movie's over, the film rewinds back into the cartridge. Automatically.

That's not all. The new M109 takes cartridges *and* regular reels (up to 400 feet), in *both* 8mm and super 8.

See drop-in movies at your photo dealer's. The new Kodak Instamatic M109 projector, *f*/1.5 lens, less than $160.

Price subject to change without notice.



Kodak Instamatic® M109 movie projector.

Kodak

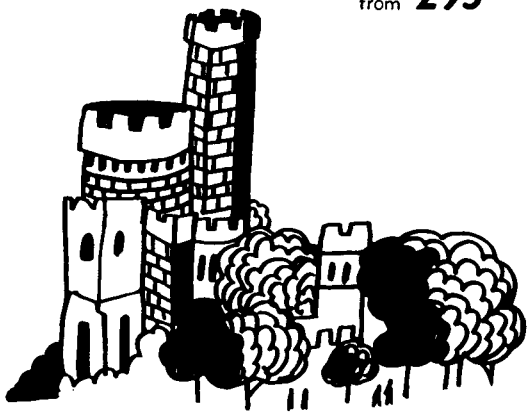
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Air-India's London & beyond.

Auto/Rail England

You get two or three weeks in the Isles with unlimited free mileage by car or rail. Including Air-India over and home, your first night in an airport hotel, your other nights in a guesthouse, even more.

from $295



London, Dublin & Edinburgh

A week in London, three days in Dublin, another three in Edinburgh. Including round-trip and between-cities flights, accommodations, breakfasts, sightseeing and more.

from $318

The theatres of London, Moscow & Leningrad

Eight nights in London plus four plays. Three nights in Moscow with two tickets to the ballet, circus or other theatre. Two nights in Leningrad with two tickets to the opera, ballet or other theatre. (There's a three-week variation for $559; it adds four nights in Paris with tickets to two shows, besides adding more time, more shows and more sightseeing in the USSR.)

from $499

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019

Please send me the free brochures I've checked:
☐ The British Isles ☐ The Bard & The Bolshoi

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent is: _____

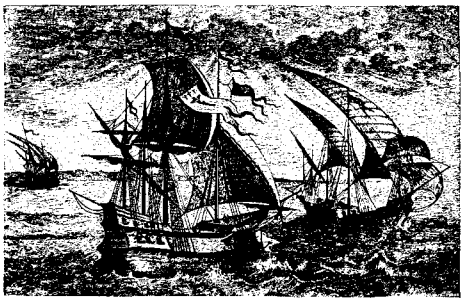
SR0613

Tour prices based on round-trip group and bulk economy air fares from N. Y. Ground arrangements based on two persons traveling together.

It's just not in us to make a number out of you.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spanish were nice enough to discover America



You should at least discover their brandy.

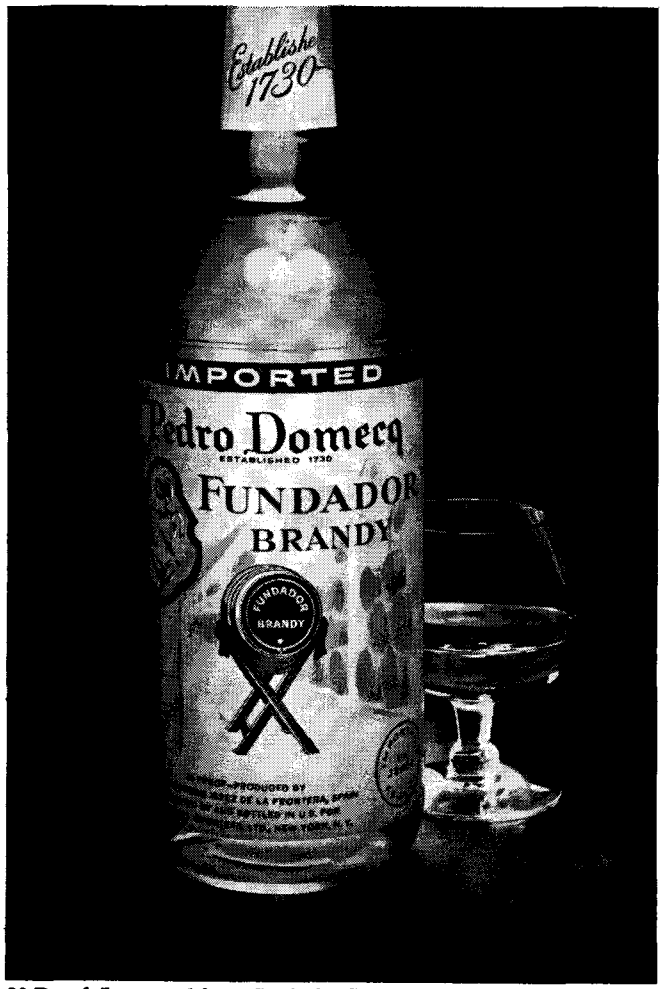
After what Ferdinand and Isabella did for you, don't you feel you owe the Spanish the courtesy of trying their favorite brandy?

Fundador is essence of Spain. It draws life from the unique sherry grapes of Jerez in the south of Spain. (Just a few miles from where Columbus sailed to the West, to find the East.)

Then Fundador matures, slowly mellowing into a rich smooth brandy with a warmth all its own. A warmth without the dryness that keeps some people away from brandy.

In fact, Fundador is such a superb brandy that what starts out as a return of a favor could wind up being the best favor you can do yourself.

Fundador



80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER IN '70

by HENRY HEWES

April may be the cruelest month for poets and ex-lovers, but for the New York theater this particular April proved most kind. Up until March 30 the Broadway season had been largely a wasteland of disappointments. Only two light comedies, one murky melodrama, a Noël Coward revival, and what amounted to a personal appearance by Katharine Hepburn had bloomed as probable hits, and even the relative success of these left us more uneasy than reassured.

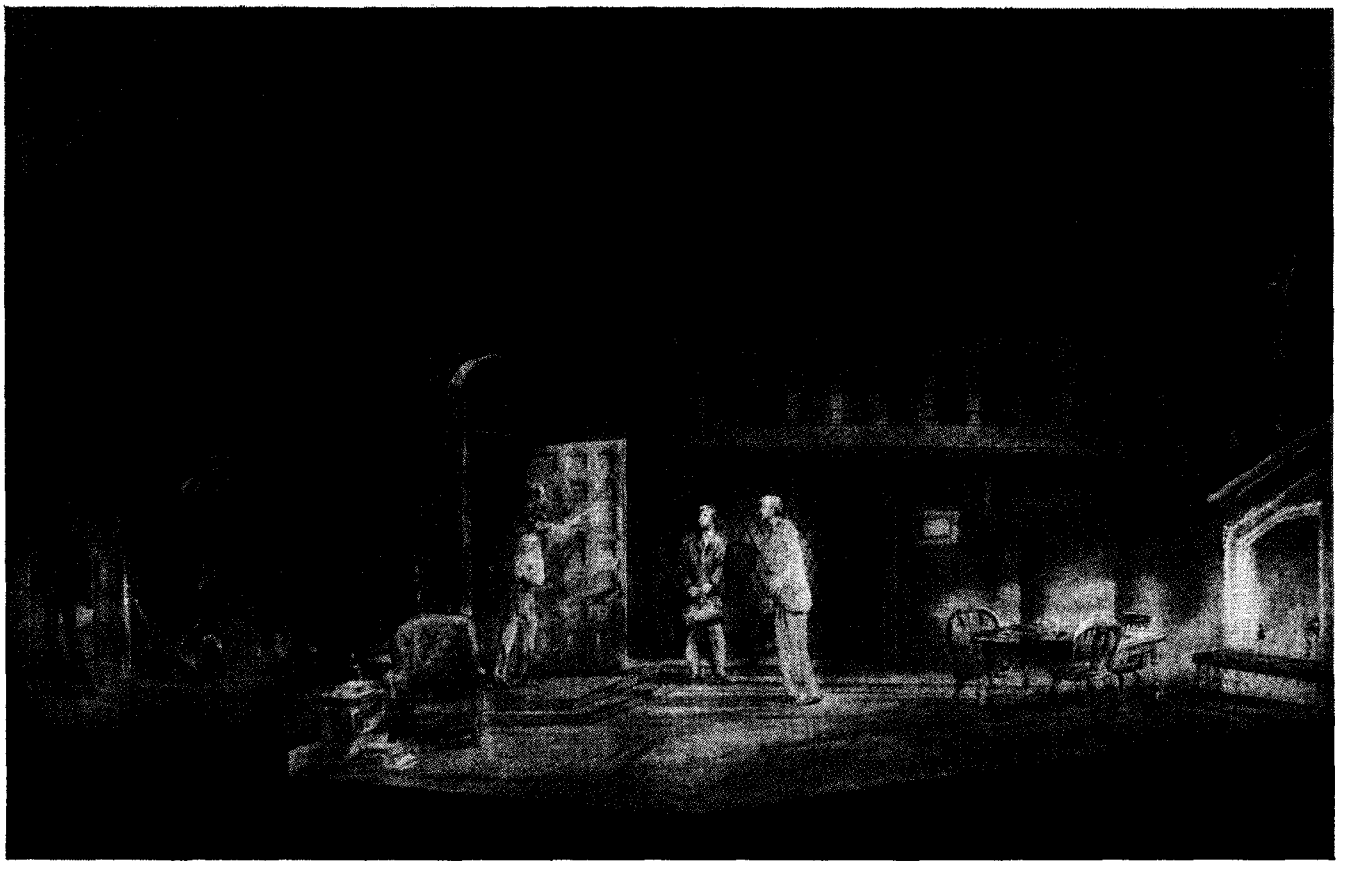
But then, within a four-week period, the season was redeemed to a surprising extent. Indeed, a look at the New York Drama Critics Circle voting on the next page reveals that the "best play," "the best American play," and the "best" and "second best" musicals all opened between March 30 and April 25.

The winner, *Borstal Boy*, adapted from the late Brendan Behan's autobiographical book by American writer Frank McMahon, gave dramatic bite to the story of the teen-aged Behan's early years in prison by having the older Behan as a character commenting on the remembered events as the younger Behan experienced them. Although it was less of a play than Behan's own *The Quare Fellow*, or even *The Hostage*, it told us a great deal about the development of one of our age's most colorful Irish personalities.

The vote for Best American Play ended in a tie between Arthur Kopit's *Indians* and a new Off-Broadway play by Paul Zindel called *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*. Comparing the two was difficult. Both dramas had come to New York after first being produced at regional resident theaters (*Indians* at Washington's Arena Stage and *Gamma Rays* at Houston's Alley Theatre and at the Cleveland Play House). Kopit's play was more original in its structure and more challenging in its considerations as it followed Buffalo Bill through a series of nightmarish experiences that indicted both him and white Americans who vainly try to reconcile their "benevolence" with their actual cruelty to minority groups at home and abroad. Yet the action often was too excursive and frequently the events were too broadly parodied to involve us deeply enough in Buffalo Bill's dilemma.

Zindel's work, on the other hand, was a simple story about a neurotic, desperate mother, one of whose teen-aged daughters quietly succeeds in finding herself despite the destructive environment that has irradiated her life. Although audiences nominally accepted the daughter's progress as a significant element of the play, the character of the mother was far more dramatic. Furthermore, actress Sada Thompson's performance in the latter role was so uncompromising and bold that the play became a moving study of a self-destructive woman's disintegration.

However, *SR*'s own choice as the best play was an Off-Broadway entry, Jules Feiffer's *The White House Murder Case*. In it, the cartoonist-playwright employed the unusual device of simultaneously showing how ridiculous and immoral American stereotypes affect both American soldiers dying in an undeclared future war and the President and his Cabinet as they pragmatically and impersonally frame lies to appease the public. At the same time as the play's events were making a strong and incisive statement about today's most important subject, the shrewdly controlled degree of exaggeration of them was excruciatingly funny;



Jo Mielziner's combination of ominous design and starkly supernatural lighting was a big factor in the success of "Child's Play" and won him the Joseph Maharam Foundation Award for the season's best scene design for a play.

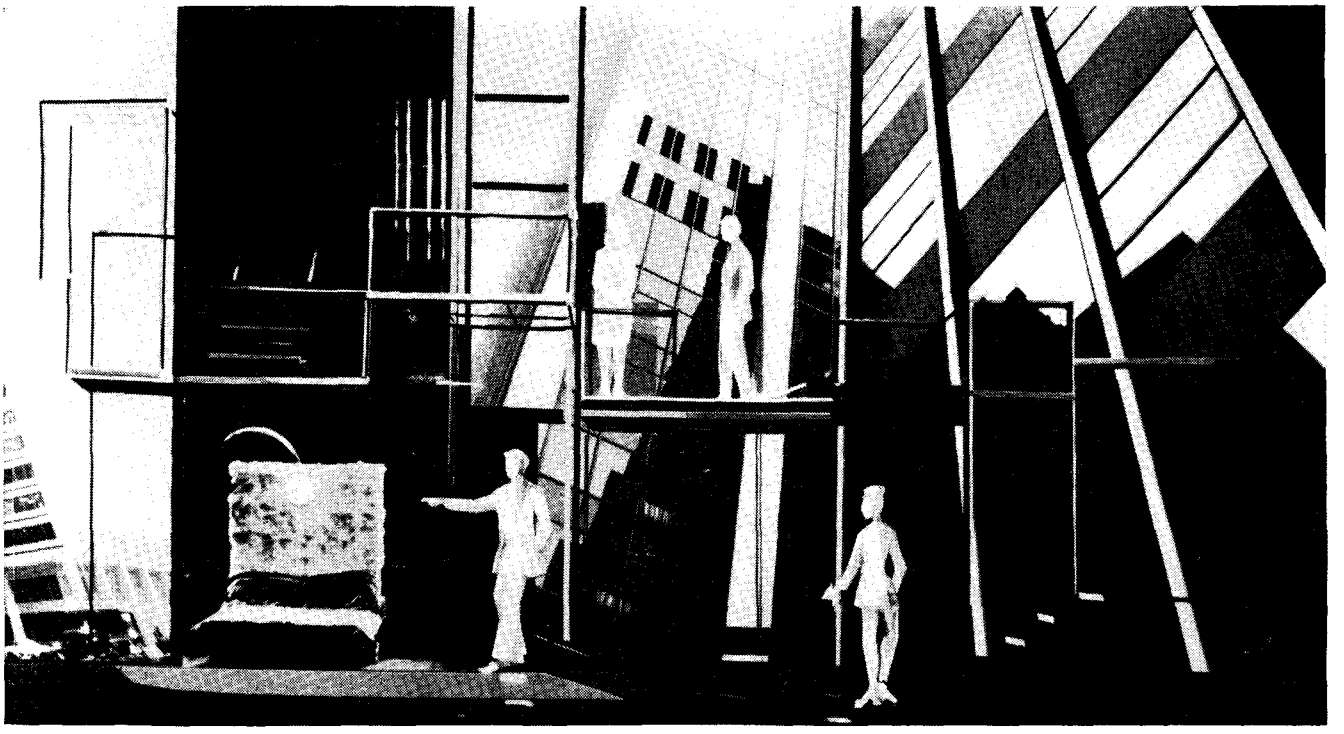
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York Drama Critics Circle Choices, 1970

	Best Play			Best American Play			Best Musical
	First Choice (3 points)	*Second Choice (2 points)*	*Third Choice (1 point)*	*First Choice (3 points)*	*Second Choice (2 points)*	*Third Choice (1 point)*	
CLIVE BARNES *New York Times*	Marigolds	Indians	Simone	Marigolds	Indians	Simone	Applause
HAROLD CLURMAN *Nation*	Borstal Boy	Indians	Marigolds	Indians	Marigolds	Sidewinder	Company
ETHEL COLBY *Journal of Commerce*	Borstal Boy	Red Hot	Marigolds	Marigolds	Red Hot	Child's Play	Company
JACK GAVER UPI	Child's Play	Borstal Boy	Indians	Child's Play	Indians	Red Hot	Company
BRENDAN GILL *New Yorker*	Borstal Boy	Child's Play	Indians	Indians	Child's Play	Sidewinder	Company
WILLIAM GLOVER AP	Marigolds	Borstal Boy	Indians	Marigolds	White House	Indians	Applause
MARTIN GOTTFRIED *Women's Wear Daily*	Prince	Simone	Who's Happy	Simone	Who's Happy	Marigolds	Company
HENRY HEWES *Saturday Review*	White House	Flowers	Terminal	White House	Terminal	Indians	Company
EDWARD S. HIPP *Newark News*	Child's Play	Marigolds	Borstal Boy	Child's Play	Marigolds	Indians	Applause
TED KALEM *Time*	Marigolds	Borstal Boy	Whistle	Marigolds	Who's Happy	Child's Play	Company
WALTER KERR *New York Times*	Marigolds	Butterflies	White House	Marigolds	Butterflies	White House	Applause
JACK KROLL *Newsweek*	Simone	Marigolds	Borstal Boy	Simone	Marigolds	White House	Company
JOHN LAHR *Village Voice*	Indians	Sidewinder	Terminal	Indians	Sidewinder	Terminal	Sambo
EMORY LEWIS *Bergen Record*	Indians	White House	Borstal Boy	Indians	White House	Unseen Hand	Company
LEO MISHKIN *Morning Telegraph*	Red Hot	Indians	Marigolds	Indians	Marigolds	Red Hot	Company
HOBE MORRISON *Variety*	Red Hot	Child's Play	Borstal Boy	Red Hot	Child's Play	Indians	Applause
JOHN O'CONNOR *Wall Street Journal*	Prince	Borstal Boy	Marigolds	Marigolds	White House	Indians	Company
GEORGE OPPENHEIMER *Newsday*	Child's Play	Red Hot	Marigolds	Child's Play	Marigolds	Indians	Applause
WILLIAM RAIDY Newhouse Papers	Borstal Boy	Red Hot	Indians	Red Hot	Indians	Child's Play	Company
MARILYN STASIO *Cue*	Indians	Borstal Boy	Child's Play	Indians	Child's Play	White House	Company
RICHARD WATTS, JR. *New York Post*	Red Hot	Child's Play	Marigolds	Child's Play	Red Hot	Marigolds	Applause

Totals: Best Play: *Borstal Boy*, 26 points; *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, 22; *Indians*, 19; *Child's Play*, 16; *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, 15; *Approaching Simone*, 6; *The Constant Prince*, 6; *A Scent of Flowers*, 2; *Butterflies Are Free*, 2; *Operation Sidewinder*, 2; *Terminal*, 2; *A Whistle in the Dark*, 1; *Who's Happy Now?*, 1. Best American Play: *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, 30, and *Indians*, 30 (Tie was broken by a show of hands vote in which the majority favored *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*); *Child's Play*, 21; *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, 12; *The White House Murder Case*, 12; *Approaching Simone*, 7; *Operation Sidewinder*, 4; *Who's Happy Now?*, 4; *Terminal*, 3; *Butterflies Are Free*, 2; *The Unseen Hand*, 1. Best Musical: *Company*, 13; *Applause*, 7; *Sambo*, 1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The overwhelming success of "Company" owed much to Boris Aronson's fascinating mobile set, which collaborated perfectly with Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics to re-create the essence of sophisticatedly ambivalent New York living, and which gained him the Maharam Award for the 1969-70 season's best scene design for a musical.

this humor was doubly effective because what was being exaggerated was irrefutably true. When the President defined nineteenth-century thinkers as "those who see our problems as soluble," we laughed, but we were also aware of the desperation that prevails when a twentieth-century government accepts the opposite premise.

The season's other political satire, *Sheep on the Runway*, suffered from the playwrighting inexperience of its author, Art Buchwald, but it nevertheless parodied with frequent effectiveness the absurd process whereby the Pentagon, the CIA, our foreign aid agencies, and one fervently right-wing columnist can cause us to blunder into bringing destruction to a peaceful little Asian country. A sober attempt to focus attention on the pro-Establishment role our judicial system can assume was Donald Freed's *Inquest*, which, though largely taken from the transcript of the trial of the Rosenbergs, unconvincingly slanted the performances in favor of the defendants. And *Chicago '70*, a Toronto Workshop improvisation based on the trial of the Chicago Eight, was more topical than dramatic.

Three Broadway hit plays were represented in the voting. A first effort by Robert Marasco called *Child's Play* dealt with a moderately interesting teacher conflict in a Catholic boarding school, but it owed a great deal of its effectiveness to the shrewdly dramatic heightening furnished by Joseph Hardy's direction, Jo Mielziner's scenery and lighting, and Fritz Weaver's splendidly controlled performance as a repressed homosexual instructor. Neil Simon's *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* skillfully created fun out of one middle-aged husband's three frustrating attempts at adultery and was rated Simon's best by at least two prominent critics. However, some who acknowledged both its honesty and its frequent humor found it disappointingly slight and inconclusive. And although Leonard Gershe's *Butterflies Are Free* had special poignance because its protagonist was blind, it was otherwise a routine boy-meets-girl comedy.

Theoni V. Aldredge's costume designs for the various trolls in the New York Shakespeare Festival's "Peer Gynt" were highly imaginative and were acclaimed as the season's best.

The Circle's greatest enthusiasm was expressed, however, in the voting for the season's best musical. Here, no second ballot was needed to select Stephen Sondheim and George Furth's *Company* as the winner. Amid scene designer Boris Aronson's inspired gymnasium of big city impersonality, a handful of singing and dancing actors remarkably created the essence of today's middle-generation New York life. Dramatically, the show focused on one thirty-eight-year-old bachelor's progress from casual drifting to the point where he is led to seek commitment with a partner. Along the way we were offered a sophisticated collage of the particular combination of joy and sadness that still makes New York our most exciting city. While there were a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zoe Caldwell (left) brought wisdom and humor to "Colette." Katharine Hepburn (center) was her whirlwind self in "Coco." Melba Moore (right) marked herself as a dynamic future star with her strong performance in "Purlie."

Jules Feiffer's funny yet incisive satire "The White House Murder Case" was 1970's best contemporary play.

Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes (left) as the older and the younger Brendan Behan illuminated "Borstal Boy." Lauren Bacall (center) energized "Applause." And Tammy Grimes (right) discreetly clowned her way through "Private Lives."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Photos by Antony di Gesu.*

Sada Thompson's agonizing portrait of a troubled mother in "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" never turned sentimental and was the year's finest acting.

few critics who found *Company* a little on the cool side, the majority were impressed with the absolute lack of compromise with which the show fulfilled its highly original conception. Moreover, *Company* seemed to point one new and extremely hopeful direction in which the stalemated American musical theater might successfully advance.

In comparison, the rest of the musicals seemed unsure attempts either to repeat outdated formulas, which even older audiences now find unexciting, or to climb on the band wagon of rock music. *Applause*, the runner-up to *Company*, set out rather nicely to demonstrate the insidiousness of show-biz thinking, but along the way it changed its mind and settled for a vivid performance by Lauren Bacall as she came to terms with the self-destructive vanity of the aging star she was portraying. *Coco* was witty here and there, but what began as a salute to the French designer Coco Chanel quickly surrendered to the uniqueness of a very un-French Katharine Hepburn, whose special charm nevertheless made the show a must for glamour-hungry audiences. A slightly sterner test of star power was furnished by Ethel Merman's thrilling takeover of the title role in *Hello, Dolly!* Miss Merman is strictly a theater great, and the Broadway *Dolly* was competing with the film *Dolly*. Yet she seemed a good bet to keep the six-year-old show running through September, when it would surpass *My Fair Lady* as the longest-running musical in Broadway history. Two other basically old-fashioned but well-performed musicals, *Purlie* and *Minnie's Boys*, survived at the season's end, but neither seemed strong enough to inspire emulators.

Most of the rock was Off-Broadway. *The Last Days of Isaac* used a much-praised rock score by Nancy Ford and Gretchen Cryer to enrich two rather slight dramatic encounters. Similarly, rock songs by Gary William Friedman and Will Holt were sung attractively by a talented group of young performers in *The Me Nobody Knows*. Ron Steward's *Sambo*, which was an overly dense rock opera, also had its admirers but failed to run. Two other rock musicals, *Salvation* and the disingenuous *Stomp*, did manage substantial runs, and hopefully an improved version of the latter will be brought to Broadway next season by Michael Butler, who two years ago triumphed with a similar revamping and transplanting of *Hair*.

Although *Promenade* boasted buoyantly sophisticated songs by Al Carmines, its capricious plotlessness proved exasperating. And the biggest disappointment of the year was the failure of the production of the Weill-Brecht opera-musical *Mahagonny* to do justice to its glorious score.

Stage nudity became more accepted. Off Broadway there were dozens of shows that included some male and/or female nudity. The most celebrated of these was *Oh! Calcutta!* which managed to make its nude dance sequences erotic, esthetic, and liberating. Broadway was less successful when it tried to amuse with *Grin and Bare It*, a poorly written comedy about a shy puritan introduced into a family of nudists.

Two revivals that originated at the University of Michigan's Professional Theater Program, both stylishly directed by Stephen Porter, were gratefully appreciated by Broadway audiences. The APA presentation of *Private Lives* starring Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford was so delicious that producer David Merrick brought it from Michigan to New York for a long run. And Helen Hayes and James Stewart in the Phoenix Theater production of *Harvey* drew enthusiastic notices and had a popular eleven-week run as part of an ANTA Theatre series that invited many of the country's nonprofit theaters to show their work in New York. With the exception of *Harvey* and the Plumstead Playhouse revival of *Our Town*, the ANTA project, made possible by a grant from the National Council on the Arts, was very much a deficit operation. Nevertheless, Broadway was considerably enriched by ANTA's presentation of twelve productions by nine different companies. Furthermore, one of these, last season's Public Theatre staging of Charles Gordone's *No Place to Be Somebody*, went on to win this year's Pulitzer Prize.

Surprisingly, more than half the plays voted for by the Circle had appeared with no commercial success at Off-Broadway, off Off-Broadway, or nonprofit resident theaters. Ellen Stewart and her La Mama Experimental Theatre Club presented more new works than all Broadway producers combined. From Boston University's Theatre Arts Division La Mama brought Maxine Klein's imaginative staging of Megan Terry's *Approaching Simone*. This biographical treatment of the late Simone Weil received votes from no fewer than three critics out of the hand-

(*Continued on page* 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Alfred Balk
Henry Brandon • Harrison Brown
Frank G. Jennings • Elmo Roper
Peter Schrag • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

On Human Survival

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A group of men and women from all over the world met at the United Nations for four days last month to consider the condition of man in our time and the prospects for the United Nations in the years ahead. The meeting was called a "Conference on Human Survival." It began with an address by U.N. Secretary General U Thant, who challenged the group to think beyond existing limitations on the functioning of the world organization. At the conclusion of the conference, Lester B. Pearson, chairman of the group, sent the Secretary General a letter covering the main points discussed at the meeting. Excerpts from the letter follow.*

Dear Mr. Secretary General:

We meet at a time when human existence on this planet is in jeopardy.

We see a world in which human population is increasing at a rate that will strain to the breaking point the ability of the earth to sustain human beings in dignity, welfare, and freedom.

We see wars in Indochina and the Middle East, and threats of war in the south of Africa. Remnants of colonialism persist.

We see the blight of racial discrimination in many lands.

We see an escalating arms race, which the superpowers seem unable to halt or contain, with more than two hundred billion dollars being spent last year on arms.

We see a deteriorating human environment brought about by the mishandling and improper use of the Earth's resources.

We see youth protesting a world in which they feel they may have no future, a world in which nations exempt themselves from the orderly and rational behavior they demand of their citizens, a world in which an accident or miscalculation could obliterate civilization and make a farce out of human evolution, a world in which force is immediate and total and justice is indefinite and partial. . . .

Our mood is somber but not despairing.

We view the human condition with great apprehensions, but nothing is clearer to us than the fact that answers to the problems of our time are well within human capability. We are confident that a world can be created in which all peoples may lead lives free from the threat of man-made holocaust, free from hunger, disease, and homelessness, free from the environmental menace we have brought upon ourselves.

The extent to which these hopes can be realized is directly tied to the full development of the United Nations. Indeed, it is difficult to contemplate the future of human society with any genuine optimism unless the United Nations is given the means and the authority to act effectively in those matters concerned with common dangers and common needs.

The one point that was stressed time and again during our meetings was that the United Nations never has been fully used. It has not been able to play a vital role in ending the war in Vietnam. It has not been able to deal with the basic causes of war in the Middle East or to achieve a workable and durable settlement of the issues that threaten once again to erupt in open and dangerous conflict. It has not been empowered to create a situation of stability and security on Earth or to put an end to the world arms race.

It may be said that it was never intended that the United Nations should be able to cope with problems of this size. What matters, however, is that the world's peoples have given the United Nations the assignment to deal with such questions, whatever their complexity or magnitude. This assignment cannot be set aside.

Strong support, therefore, was expressed for your statement of May 26, 1970, that "peace and justice and freedom depend upon law and law enforcement. No nation can progress, or even survive, without laws, without police, without courts. The United Nations . . . cannot progress, or even survive, without enforceable world laws, world police, and world courts for the maintenance of international peace and justice."

There is encouragement for the acceptance of these new concepts in the growing spirit of world community and citizenship that is becoming apparent in many parts of the Earth. Among

(*Continued on page* 64)

Conference Participants

SIR ADETOKUNBO ADEMOLA; Chief Justice of Supreme Court; Nigeria
HARRISON BROWN; foreign secretary of the National Academy of Sciences; U.S.A.
NORMAN COUSINS; editor; U.S.A.
RENE DUMONT; agronomist; France
R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER; engineer, inventor; U.S.A.
JOSEPH KI-ZERBO; historian; Upper Volta
KONRAD LORENZ; ecologist, ethologist; Austria
ALLA MASSEVITCH; astronomer, astrophysicist; U.S.S.R.
LEO MATES; economist; Yugoslavia
VIJAYA L. PANDIT; former president of the U.N. General Assembly; India
(CHAIRMAN) LESTER B. PEARSON; former Prime Minister, Nobel Peace Prize winner; Canada
PAUL PREBISCH; economist; Argentina
CARLOS ROMULO; Minister of Foreign Affairs; Philippines
JAN TINBERGEN; Nobel Prize Winner in Economics; The Netherlands
C. F. VON WEIZSAECKER; physicist; West Germany
KISABURO YOKOTA; former Chief Justice of Supreme Court; Japan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Welfare Reform

THE SPECIAL SECTION on "Welfare: Time for Reform" [*SR*, May 23] has made a tremendous contribution toward better understanding of the welfare and poverty situations. However, I disagree with Daniel P. Moynihan that the Family Assistance Plan is "One Step We Must Take." The President's Commission on Income Maintenance declared we can and should eliminate poverty in America. The Family Assistance Plan is merely a reform that benefits about 15 per cent of the families now on welfare with no elimination of poverty. President Nixon declared the welfare system is a colossal failure; yet he leads people to believe his band-aid proposal is a major reform.

Senator Fred Harris has proposed legislation (S 3433) that would eliminate both absolute poverty in America and the dehumanizing welfare system along with other poverty programs. Senator Eugene McCarthy has introduced an Adequate Income Bill (S 3780) that would eliminate poverty and all poverty programs and income maintenance systems; this proposal reflects the fact that the average urban family of four needs $6,300 annually.

VIVIAN WASHINGTON,
San Diego, Calif.

THE SERIES of articles dealing with welfare was quite good, and has already been of use in my graduate classes in social work. However, regarding Yale Brozen's "Toward an Ultimate Solution" I [would] quarrel with Mr. Brozen in his patently silly argument that a negative tax would reintroduce "competition" into the provision of medical care. Using a classical economic model, he argues that patients "could shop for medical services instead of having to accept inefficiently produced, high-cost services." This idea of competing entrepreneurs (doctors) vying for business from the unhealthy is not an option for the future and did not, in fact, exist in the past. And anyone needing help through a negative tax would hardly be a hot little competitor for a medical professional's services.

Some form of government-subsidized medical program should be recognized as a separate need apart from income maintenance. Just about one good illness would wipe out the family of four's total income of $3,500. A negative tax would hardly make the "consumer-king" theory a reality. It never existed, and, given the uncontrolled and exorbitant rise in all medical costs, to suggest that people would "shop" around and lower costs and improve the delivery of services in our antiquated medical care system is foolishness.

PROFESSOR RUSSELL E. SMITH,
Sacramento State College,
Sacramento, Calif.

Art-less Museums

KATHARINE KUH'S "Letter to a Nature Lover" [THE FINE ARTS, Apr. 25] is so right: The museum directors have no clothes.

While in New York last summer, I took a friend from Missouri to the Whitney, which she had never seen. There, on exhibition, carefully roped off, were three bowls of dog food—kibbles—arranged on the floor on newspapers, with some of the dog food scattered about. My friend, furious at having to pay a stiff admission price for something she does daily in her own home (granted, without roping off her dog's food) could not contain her protests. She went up to an impassive guard and asked him, "Do you really have a feeling of guarding anything in this exhibition?" After a moment of deliberation, the man smiled sadly and said, "You know, I don't!"

MARGARET LEFRANC,
Miami, Fla.

Pei Rejoinder

IN HIS CRITICISM of my article "Prospects for a Global Language" [*SR*, May 2], Professor Harvey Minkoff [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, May 23] puts into my mouth words that I have never spoken or written. He is evidently unfamiliar with the fact that for the past thirty years, while advocating a world language as a needed tool of communication, I have disagreed with the idealistic view that it would eliminate wars. As a single sample of my thinking, I quote from p. 244 of my book *One Language for the World*, first published in 1958: "Some of the advocates of international tongues optimistically assure us that an international language will abolish them (international conflicts and wars) forever. This is, of course, wishful thinking. History is there to recite to us a long list of civil wars among peoples speaking the same tongue. The most that we can claim is that the international tongue may succeed in removing such forms of national and racial antipathy as are engendered by linguistic lack of understanding."

If I speak with sympathy of the idealism of Zamenhof and his followers, it is simply because we do not need to agree with a point of view that is highly idealistic and humanitarian to respect and even admire it. An international language all by itself will not lead to the abolition of war; but, combined with other factors and movements, it will help.

Dr. Minkoff's second point concerning the eventual breakup of an international language into a series of different languages is probably in error. Quoting again from the same page of the same book: "Those who claim that an international language, once established, would break up into a series of local speech-forms ignore the lessons of history. Language becomes united and standard when there is communication among all the speakers. It becomes a series of dialects when there is no such communication. Communications have never been so good as they are today."

Latin flourished, expanded, and became more and more standardized while the Roman Empire stood, with its roads, trade, schools, and system of political administration. It broke up only when communications, commerce, education, and institutions collapsed, and, even then, it took centuries after the collapse of the Empire to bring about complete fractionalization in the language. The unifying forces the Romans had at their disposal were excellent for their historical period; they were rudimentary compared with what we have today—radio, TV, Telstar, tapes and spoken films, universal compulsory education, widespread literacy, and train, automobile, steamship, and airplane travel. Only a catastrophe of major proportions, a full-fledged atomic war or a mighty upheaval of nature, could break the communication links of today.

MARIO PEI,
Columbia University,
New York, N.Y.

"... That's it. Then you cut the rope that hurls the boulder at the enemy. I'd do it for you, but I'm only here in an advisory capacity."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

What's So Damned Funny?

IF COMEDY is truly defined as tragedy that happens to somebody else, then a trio of the newer films should by rights be riotous indeed. In *The Out-of-Towners*, a happy executive on the rise plans a gala night in New York City, only to find his plane rerouted to Boston; New York is in the throes of transportation and sanitation strikes when he does arrive. There follows a round of horrendous encounters with crooks, cops, and heartless good citizens. In *Watermelon Man*, an insurance salesman, a Mr. Average Guy, wakes up one morning to discover that he has become a Negro. And in *Norwood*, a nubile teen-ager, pregnant by a Marine, searches for someone to make an honest woman of her. These materials may not sound convulsive, but the fact is—they aren't. To be sure, there are laughs in each of these films, but together they suggest that it is possible to be funny without really being fun.

The Out-of-Towners, prolific Neil Simon's first attempt to write directly for the screen, is perhaps symptomatic of the group. Jack Lemmon, en route from Ohio to New York for confirmation as vice president in charge of sales of a large corporation, is hardly an endearing fellow. He is a chronic, compulsive worrier, more than a bit of a bully, short-tempered, vengeful, and pigheaded—a catalogue of virtues hardly calculated to rouse an audience's sympathy no matter what happens to him. And while what happens to him shouldn't happen to a dog, one has simultaneously the feeling that Simon confected his catalogue of disasters specifically for their humorous effect, and that Lemmon was asking for trouble in any case. It is as if all the trials of Job were compressed into a single night; but this Job clearly isn't worth the Lord's trouble.

As a screenwriter, Simon still knows his way around a clever line, but is less effective in creating a clever scene. His dialogue works well when Lemmon and wife Sandy Dennis are exchanging unpleasantries (although they both display a lamentable tendency to shriek their invectives), less well when designed to motivate a scene or a character. It isn't just a matter of reaching too hard, but of playing for the easy, obvious laugh—as when a man who had also been stranded in the Boston airport the night before turns up fresh and hearty at the Waldorf desk just as the bedraggled Lemmon is also checking in. It's an amusing touch, but it raises the suspicion that Lemmon's many mishaps were his own fault, not New York City's; it thus neatly undercuts the point of the entire picture. If Simon had one.

Watermelon Man, starring the estimable Godfrey Cambridge, strives for more and ends up with a good deal less, again because the laughs have little to do with an essentially unfunny basic premise. Cambridge's bumptious insurance salesman is no more endearing than Lemmon's vice president in charge of sales, and when he finally turns black, it is impossible to avoid the feeling that at last he has gotten his comeuppance—as indeed he has, since he loses his job, is deserted by his wife and family, and his entire community turns against him. Eventually, he makes his adjustment as a perfectly happy black man. The main difficulties with Herman Raucher's rather ingenious script idea are that Cambridge is far more obnoxious as a white than as a black, and that once Cambridge is black he accepts immediately the Negro's standards of values. The real fun would have come from Cambridge's persisting with his white supremacist views despite the incontestable fact of his being black. Instead, director Melvin Van Peebles almost explicitly refutes the idea that black might be beautiful by signaling the changeover with a huge, unesthetic close-up of Cambridge's rear end. From then on, the caricatures of both blacks and whites remain pretty much on that same primitive level.

Norwood is something else again. Although hardly designed to appeal to sophisticates (or pseudosophisticates), there is a kind of sweetness and gentleness about Glen Campbell in his relations to a mixed-up world that is altogether lacking in the other films. Norwood takes in not only pregnant youngsters but abused chickens and a derided dwarf, and is taken in by a wily car salesman, a hippie college girl, his wiseacre Marine buddy, and his sponging brother-in-law. The Americana humor is perhaps not as pointed or as broad as in *True Grit*, which was also adapted by Marguerite Roberts from a Charles Portis novel, but it generally seems to spring from the essence of the characters and their problems. In its modest way, it is both fun and funny. And Kim Darby, as the stiff-necked lady-in-waiting, is a sheer delight.

"This is your guru speaking. I've been called to a conference in Ceylon and will be back on the fifteenth. Please record your name and problem and leave $10 in the box."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A Tale of a Tub" for Our Time

by A. ALVAREZ

THE ANNOTATED LOLITA

by Vladimir Nabokov and Alfred Appel, Jr.

McGraw-Hill, 441 pp., $15

At last I understand what the generation gap really means. In January 1959, in the company of a number of other British writers, I signed a letter to *The Times* of London protesting against the possible banning of *Lolita* in Great Britain. It was, we said, "a genuine work of literature," not a dirty book. But in those far-off days it seemed dirty enough; there were the usual alarums and legal excursions before the book was safely in the best-seller list and it became clear that public morality had, miraculously, once again survived.

All that was less than a dozen years ago. Now it seems that yesterday's pornography is today's set text. What we middle-aged squares once read with gusto and delight, but also a little furtively, college students now slog through as a chore, unmoved and, apparently, uncomprehending. Hence *The Annotated Lolita*, which, says the editor, "has developed out of my own experiences in teaching and writing about *Lolita*, which have demonstrated that many readers are more troubled by Humbert Humbert's use of language and lore than by his abuse of Lolita and law." (Note the Nabokovian cadence, the Humbertish puns. They are clues, I think. But more of that later.) Urged on by the ignorance of his pupils, Alfred Appel, Jr., has produced what he calls "a variorum edition": to the 300-odd pages of the original novel he has added over half as much again, made up of a preface, a tripartite introduction (separate essays by the editor now battered into one), two checklists, and seventy-five pages of notes. The monstrous—and monstrously priced—whole amounts, he claims, to "the first annotated edition of a modern novel to have been published during its author's lifetime—*A Tale of a Tub* for our time." Oddly enough, it is a claim he seems proud of.

No doubt a professor's life is difficult these days. Teachers of literature are fighting a losing battle against the indifference of their students, who believe, like all students, that wisdom begins with them. But, unlike most earlier generations, they also think themselves revolutionary, which means they no longer have time for the past. Thus anything not hot from the press is, as they say, irrelevant. So far as the undergraduates are concerned, Shakespeare, Coleridge, even Eliot might as well have written in a dead language; they are all so many bores to be dragged through in a kind of impatient despair for the sake of grades and examinations. In comparison, real literature is what comes at them through a PA system and a haze of pot smoke, to the sound of finger bells and guitars. In the circumstances, the only hope of their professors is to try to keep up to date, and tempt the kids at least into the near past with works that were outrageous when the professors themselves were students. Appel, for instance, quotes the notes he took as an undergraduate during Nabokov's lectures at Cornell. As a result, poor Lolita, after all she went through with Humbert and Quilty, now has the hungry scholars to cope with. In the immortal words of the heroine of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, "Fun's fun, but a girl can't laugh all the time."

In principle, I suppose it is plausible enough. The editor's practice, however, is something else again; he seems to have ulterior motives. Consider, for example, the question of Nabokov's humor. In the notes Appel speaks sternly

A. ALVAREZ is a British critic. His most recent book is *Beyond All This Fiddle*, a collection of essays on literature.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

27 **"The Annotated Lolita,"** by Vladimir Nabokov and Alfred Appel, Jr.

29 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

30 **"Zelda: A Biography,"** by Nancy Milford

31 **"Family Portrait,"** by Catherine Drinker Bowen

32 **"Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism,"** by Francine du Plessix Gray

41 **"If I Forget Thee O Jerusalem: American Jews and The State of Israel,"** by Robert Silverberg

42 **"The Pledge,"** by Leonard Slater

43 **"Such Good Friends,"** by Lois Gould

43 **"Generation of Rust,"** by Endre Fejes

44 **"Spector,"** by Marc Davis

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his students' reluctance to see the jokes: "Sad experience has suggested that [the comic tone of the novel] is not always sufficiently appreciated by solemn students who, although they learn quickly, are often not ready enough to laugh at a novel supposedly about perversion." So says unsolemn Appel, the life and soul of the MLA. It is, then, curious that elsewhere in the commentary he continually stretches every nerve to strike dead his author's frailest witticisms. When Humbert "boldly imagined . . . how eventually I might blackmail—no, that is too strong a word—mauvemail big Haze . . . ," Appel carefully notes: "73/2 *mauvemail*: H. H.'s coinage; mauve is pale pinkish purple." When outraged Lolita reminisces, "'I said no, I'm not going to (she used, in all insouciance really, a disgusting slang term which, in a literal French translation, would be *souffler*) your beastly boys . . . ,'" the note reads: "279/1 *souffler*: to 'blow.'" Notice, Appel's only interest is to ruin the faint wit; a genuinely thorough scholar would also have translated the equally French "insouciance."

Perhaps Appel is sending up the ignorance of American undergraduates who are supposed, even at a select university like Stanford, where he teaches, not to know the meaning of "mauve," or "spoor" ("the track of a wild animal"), or "lavender" ("a mint cultivated on hillsides in Southern France, used for its fragrant oil").

More probably the send-up is of heavy scholarship itself, as personified by the extraordinary Alfred Appel, Jr. Here, for instance, is his relatively short note on a character who is mentioned only once:

> 200/3 *Dr. Ilse Tristramson*: Tristram(n) was the famous hero of Celtic legend, and the love of Tristram and Iseult has often been celebrated. The story of Tristram is in Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur* (1485), Books Ten through Twelve. Matthew Arnold treated the theme in "Tristram and Iseult" (1852), Swinburne in "Tristram of Lyonesse" (1871), and Tennyson in "The Last Tournament" (1871). "Tristram in Movielove," notes H.H. (p. 256). The punning name of the physician who examines Lolita is in the spirit of a novel that is both a love story and a parody of love stories; but, more than that, it acknowledges Laurence Sterne, whose involuted and a-realistic novel *Tristram Shandy* (1767) might be called the first modern novel (for *Shandy* reference see also *Keys*, p. 96). The esthetic kinship of Sterne and Joyce and Nabokov, which has nothing to do with "literary influence," is strong enough to call both *Ulysses* and *Lolita* "Tristram's sons." "I love Sterne but had not read him in my Russian period," says Nabokov (*Wisconsin Studies* interview). See 257/4 for another Sterne allusion.

This has nothing to do with genuine scholarship, which is disciplined, ordered, even dignified. It is, instead, a parody: scholarly free-association, scholarship on the analyst's couch. And remember, Nabokov is notorious for his aversion to psychoanalysis. There are dozens of examples of this procedure, most of them longer: "Elsinore Playhouse" provokes a synopsis of all the author's allusions to *Hamlet* and Shakespeare; "Wonderland" does the same for Lewis Carroll; every reference to every writer is minutely explained and cross-referenced through the whole Nabokov *oeuvre*. The novel's opening chapter is half a page long; Appel's commentary runs well over four pages, including a note on the shortness of the chapter. Perhaps the unkindest cut of all (*Julius Caesar*, III, ii, 179; for other Shakespearian references see . . .) is the footnote on Huizinga's *Homo Ludens*: "An excellent introduction to Nabokov, even if he is not mentioned." It reminds me of that famous occasion when, in the Variorum Milton, the word "beer" inspired the editor to list all the different brews; even the scholarly trade papers saw the joke of that.

I am suggesting, in short, that Nabokov has done it again. The original version of *Lolita* came with a preface by an imaginary academic, John Ray, Jr., Ph.D., a scholar of the old school of cadenced, gentlemanly prose. His successor was Charles Kinbote, the paranoid megalomaniac through whose demented commentary on an otherwise dull poem the plot of *Pale Fire* gradually unfolded. As a further clever twist, there was an elaborate analysis of *Pale Fire* published in *Encounter* under the unlikely pen-name "Mary McCarthy." After which Nabokov dropped his mask and brought out, under his own name, a parody scholarly edition of *Eugene Onegin*. Now he is back once again in disguise—sporting a false crew-cut, I imagine, rather than a false beard—in the person of the incredible "Alfred Appel, Jr."

An addict of crossword puzzles and chess, Nabokov takes care to confuse his readers with false trails. He produces much circumstantial evidence of Appel's existence in the form of interviews between the editor and the author. He even ends his preface with a modest disclaimer:

> Of course, the annotator and editor of a novel written by the creator of Kinbote and John Ray, Jr., runs the real risk of being mistaken for another fiction, when at most he resembles those gentlemen only figuratively. But the annotator exists; he is a veteran and a father, a teacher and a taxpayer, and has not been invented by Vladimir Nabokov.

A neat double-bluff. Yet the clues to the contrary are too strong. I have already mentioned a few: the occasional Nabokovian cadences and puns, the jokes

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

'S DEATH!

Ann and Philip Hughes of Brookline, Mass., have compiled a roster of literary characters who died exotic deaths. From the following lists, you are to determine who died how, and which author concocted the grisly circumstances. The post mortems are performed on page 44.

1. Captain Ahab ( )
2. Barabas ( )
3. Ethan Brand ( )
4. Claude Frollo ( )
5. Fortunato ( )
6. Anna Karenina ( )
7. Laocoön ( )
8. McTeague ( )
9. Pentheus ( )
10. Piggy ( )
11. Bartholomew Sholto ( )
12. Sebastian Venables ( )

A. Burnt to death in a lime kiln
B. Hacked up by small boys
C. Died under a desert sun, manacled to a corpse
D. Torn to pieces by his mother
E. Strangled by sea serpents
F. Struck by a boulder and hurled over a cliff into the sea
G. Struck by a poisoned dart
H. Pushed off a church tower
I. Drowned when pinioned to a whale
J. Scalded to death in boiling water
K. Crushed under locomotive wheels
L. Walled up with stone and mortar

a. Doyle
b. Euripides
c. William Golding
d. Hawthorne
e. Hugo
f. Melville
g. Marlowe
h. F. Norris
i. Poe
j. Tolstoy
k. Vergil
l. Tennessee Williams

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the expense of the jokes, the crazed pedantry. Add to those the fact that Appel has no discernible identity or tastes or judgments of his own; all Nabokov's personal quirks are repeated as law. His hatred of psychoanalysis, his contempt for Dostoevsky, his obsession with artifice and games become the editor's criteria of excellence. Indeed, the clues are so many and obvious that the game of hunt-the-editor becomes at times almost too easy; he even reprints, in all apparent seriousness, Kinbote's pseudoapologia "In Place of a Note on the Text." Mercifully, there are subtler, redeeming touches: for example, a witty parody of owlish gullibility when Appel records that the supremely cosmopolitan Nabokov, who had spent a large part of his life in Paris, "seems not to have known" what kind of book was published by the Olympia Press in the Travelers Companion series. That is a touch of pure Kinbote.

The key to the whole mystery is buried, as it should be in a good puzzle, deep in the commentary:

> Double names, initials, and phonetic effects prevail throughout *Lolita*, whether the twinning is literal (Humbert Humbert, Vanessa van Ness, Quilty's Duk Duk Ranch, and H. H.'s alternative psuedonyms of "Otto Otto," "Mesmer Mesmer," and "Lambert Lambert"); or alliterative (Clare Quilty, Gaston Godin, Harold Haze, Bill Brown, and Clarence [Choate] Clark); or trickily alphabetical (John Ray, Jr.: J. R., Jr.). The double consonants of the almost infinite succession of humorously alliterative place names and points of interest H. H. visits are thus thematically consistent (Pierre Point, Hobby House, Hazy Hills, Kumfy Kabins, Raspberry Room, Chestnut Court, and so forth). Numbers even adhere to the pattern; H. H. imagines Lolita's unborn child "dreaming already in her of becoming a big shot and retiring around 2020 A.D." (p. 279). The name of "Harold D. Doublename" represents a summary phrase (p. 184), but the annotator's double initials are only a happy coincidence. For more on mirrors, see 121/2.

Again there is the sly and modest disclaimer: "a happy coincidence," he says. It is a gesture characteristic of Nabokov's irony. It is also characteristic of Nabokov, who, when interviewed recently by BBC Television, insisted not only on writing his answers in advance but also on writing the interviewer's questions. All the evidence points to the fact that the unfortunate editor is an invention of the novelist's baroque imagination, just one more in the long "series of literary impersonations performed by the author"—I am

(*Continued on page* 45)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Old Scripts

I READ DANIEL BERRIGAN on Bonhoeffer [*SR*, May 30] more with uneasy curiosity than with admiration.

These are not days in which to sneer at anyone who takes a stand, rightly or wrongly, on principle and conscience. Yet it seems to me that Berrigan is too quick to cast himself in the role of hero of the resistance. We cannot live by old scripts: America is not Germany, and Nixon is not Hitler. To pretend so is to live in a fantasy world.

Berrigan mentions Friday, April 10, as being the "anniversary of the death of Teilhard." I presume he means Teilhard de Chardin. And I suspect this is merely rhetorical name-dropping. Is it being suggested that what Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Teilhard de Chardin believed in represented the same things? Or that their lives were in some sense parallel? If this is the meaning of the allusion, an explanation is in order.

HERBERT L. KELLY,
San Diego, Calif.

Minor Reservations

I MUST ADMIT A PERSONAL INTEREST in David Glixon's review of *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language*, Second College Edition [*SR*, May 16]. It is an admirably informed and perceptive review, and I have only the pettiest reservations.

The current phrase *with it* is, indeed, entered in the dictionary, in accordance with our stated principle, under the key word *it*. There may be some objections to the use of the same *e* symbol for the vowel sound of *bet* and *bare* or of the same *i* for that of *give* and *gear*, but we question whether they will be "justifiable." In the phonemic scheme of the dictionary, deliberately simplified to make the diacritical key easily understood and used, a single symbol serves adequately for each of these pairs, since the sounds in the prevailing speech dialect of the U.S. are identical except for the *r*-coloration automatically given the vowel in such words as *bare* and *gear*.

We regret the inadvertent omission of an etymology for *Imperial Valley*. For those who may be interested, the valley was named after the Imperial Land Co., which developed the region.

DAVID B. GURALNIK,
World Publishing Co.,
Cleveland, O.

Dazzling Noncommunication

CURIOSITY COMPELS ME to read *The Eve of Saint Venus*, by Anthony Burgess. Three readings of Robert K. Morris's review [*SR*, May 16] leave me dazzled by his rhetoric but totally unenlightened about the book. Surely the English language provides a clearer means of communication than the one Morris has chosen.

LUCILLE BEVINGTON,
El Cajon, Calif.

Sour Grapes

BRIAN O'LEARY'S *The Making of an Ex-Astronaut* [*SR*, May 16] reflects the typical pseudo-knowledge of the self-acclaimed oracles of the *nouveau* intelligentsia. Luckily, the *Apollo 13* astronauts could pilot safely back without Brian's being the third man up there, making his satirical jabs about such senseless ability!

I call his book sour grapes, excusing his own chicken behavior by giving dignity to himself when criticizing the outstanding minds of the century.

R. G. TAYLOR,
Houston, Tex.

Stimulation for Reform

ANYONE WHO HAS READ K. G. J. Pillai's *The Air Net: The Case Against the World Aviation Cartel* and then chanced to read Paul Friedlander's review [*SR*, April 25] must wonder about that reviewer's lapse of accuracy and taste. Pillai's book offers a detailed examination of the world air cartel, of the range of techniques and operations by which it sets prices to suit itself rather than to suit the public, of the ways it can be influenced to change or be changed, and, finally, a set of alternatives which might be used to make the world transportation system a true public utility, permitting more and more people the benefits of technology and a chance at international experience. "I told you so, and for twenty years now," says Mr. Friedlander with surprising bitterness. I doubt that Mr. Friedlander has produced anything as comprehensive, as deep, and as inventive as Pillai's book. If he has, it is certainly no credit to his capacity to inform and arouse the public to a massive bilking. Dr. Pillai's scholarly work seems to have done this. Submitted as evidence to the CAB, it has initiated and reinforced investigations and has stimulated a number of spin-off projects by professional and student muckrakers which may finally change things.

MICHAEL REISMAN,
New Haven, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZELDA: A Biography

by Nancy Milford

Harper & Row, 424 pp., $10

Reviewed by Elizabeth Janeway

■ I had better begin by saying that this is an absolutely first-rate piece of work. You may think you have read more than enough about the disastrous marriage of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and there have indeed been two excellent biographies of Scott by Arthur Mizener and Andrew Turnbull. But Nancy Milford has done something more than repeat the story from Zelda's side. This is a stunning study in depth of a spiraling, symbiotic descent into hell, a hard-edged *Liebestod*. Others have written perceptively about what happened to that fascinating couple, most notably Fitzgerald himself. Through Miss Milford's work (her research is exemplary, her insight profound) we at last understand something about why it happened. This is more relevant than it may seem. The Fitzgeralds were so thoroughly children of their time that they were actually prophetic of the future, of our time. There are people still making the same mistakes.

Scott and Zelda met romantically in the summer of 1918, after Scott had finally abandoned his Princeton dream and enlisted in the army. He was finishing officer's training at a camp near Montgomery, Alabama, when he went to a dance and saw Zelda. To call her "a Southern belle" is to coat her wild, reckless beauty with saccharine. Ready to do or say almost anything, she was a kind of holy scapegoat for the young of Montgomery, madly admired because she did what they only dreamed of doing and somehow got away with it. Even today her escapades have a kind of extremity about them that is a bit staggering—the flesh-colored silk jersey swimsuit *and* the dives from the highest board at the country club pool; the response to teasing in which she kicked in the glass of a shop window and appropriated the photograph of one of her beaux. To the limit that a girl could manage it in the teens of the century in a small Southern city, she was a truly Byronic figure, and "mad, bad and dangerous to know" is not at all an inappropriate description of her and the aura around her.

By contrast, Scott was timid. His dreams of glory had a Walter Mitty touch, and all his life he put himself to sleep (until he could sleep only under drugs) by imagining himself a hero of the football field or of war. Zelda's panache was irresistible. The admiration she evoked in other men was, at the beginning, part of her charm: possessing her enriched him. But, flamboyant as their life together came to be, he got her not by matching her flamboyance but by disciplined, hard work. If he hadn't gone north to New York and then to St. Paul and settled down to finish *This Side of Paradise*, they would have ended their lives as two people who remembered a crazy youthful love affair that wound up in a broken engagement.

But he did finish his novel, Scribners accepted it, and it was a wild success, the kind of success that stamps a man with the accolade of an era. Very few writers survive it; Michael Arlen, for instance, did not. Fitzgerald survived by the skin of his teeth—through discipline. He wrote new books, books so much better (*The Great Gatsby, Tender Is the Night*), books so absolutely good that they will always be part of the American canon.

By the time *This Side of Paradise* was published and success engulfed him, he and Zelda were married. The acceptance of the novel had renewed the engagement. All through this period his letters and telegrams inextricably mix love-talk and the prices magazines were offering him. This has often been taken to mean that one or both of them was hideously mercenary. In fact, neither Scott nor Zelda knew enough about money to be let out alone. But the money he made meant something special to Fitzgerald. First, it made it possible for him to have Zelda; just as important, it validated his confidence in himself and in his talent to the point where he felt he was a match for her. He was helplessly attracted by her turbulent, dominating vitality. His success gave him the sense that he was worthy of life in the magic world of acclaim and applause which she seemed to control so easily.

—From the book.

Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald—"people are still making the same mistakes."

Of course, she did nothing of the kind. The external history of the Fitzgerald marriage is one of continuing catastrophe. On the inside, it is the story of a bitter, competitive struggle which Scott won. In the end he dominated her, and her dependence grew until she could see the world only through his eyes. She resented his work as a rival for his attention. Desperately she tried to find a life for herself, and failed. It's a heart-breaking, hair-raising tale, and it turns on this point: when Zelda wasn't creating chaos somewhere with Scott, she didn't have anything to do, she didn't exist. And she came to feel (with some justification) that he would not let her exist.

She had a child, but the fulfillment of motherhood had little appeal to one who'd always been the baby of her own family. She tried an affair, and instead of fighting a duel or leading a passionate operatic trio, Scott locked her in their villa till she gave up and the other gentleman left without knowing what was going on. (It is typical of Miss Milford's research that she tracked him down—he'd had a most distinguished military career—, talked with him, and quotes him verbatim on the subject, though one suspects he was very gallant in what he didn't say.) More serious were her attempts to find a career of her own, in ballet and in writing. In both she failed, though she worked obsessedly. Her husband thought, and told her, that this was a measure of the distance between them. He was a professional and she was an amateur.

It was a hateful thing to say and entirely correct. Zelda's published work would not have seen the light of day without her husband's reputation. But, at the same time, he was using her and her life as *his* material. He mined her diaries; he used her letters, hardly changed, in the novels; he sometimes used her ideas. One cannot help feeling that he saw the two of them as "one person," and, indeed, he gave to Rosemary, in *Tender Is the Night*, an instinctive perception that Nicole and Dick Diver *were* one person. In that person he was the ego, the conscious reason, and she was the emotional unconscious that fed the master, Scott. He had fallen in love, he wrote to a friend at the time of their marriage, with Zelda's "courage, her sincerity, and her flaming self-respect." He ended by taking her autonomy from her.

He couldn't have done it without her help. The whole thing was an unbear-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able pairing in an untenable situation, but it went on long enough to ruin them both. She went mad or accepted madness. His drinking was so irrational that it was beyond reach. The two derangements fed on each other, and there were times when doctors in charge of Zelda found themselves treating Scott. Never overtly, of course. The idea that he might need help was one he refused to entertain. In his own mind he was the provider who held on to contact with the world.

The interesting thing is that, once again, he was quite correct. Zelda was insane and Scott was not. The difference in their inner situations can best be illustrated by their reactions to their catastrophe. Zelda approached it by trying to find an explanation for what went wrong. Scott tried to assign the blame. The second seems a more small-minded, self-serving way of looking at it (though Scott was willing to accept a good deal of the blame), but in the end it is the rational and mature approach. For what Zelda wanted to do was find the cause, go back and set it right, and live her life over again.

Scott knew people can't do that. What's happened is irrevocable. The most one can do is learn what not to do again. But Zelda had no past. She lived in an eternal present. She was conscious of space, she knew that she was absent from Scott, that *here* and *there* exist as separate places. But *then* and *now*? No. She was mad (and some sensitive observers guessed it from the first) because she had never had to grow up and face the consequences of her actions. She had been protected when she was a wild girl by her father and his reputation. Later, Scott stood between her and the world, and though it limited her terribly, it also saved her. When, in *Tender Is the Night*, he assigned the cause of Nicole-Zelda's insanity to rape by her father, he was writing a symbolic truth. Judge Sayre would never in this world have touched his daughter physically, but the insulation he gave her from the world created a weird kind of connection between them, a sort of "incest by superego," one might say. Zelda was literally "irresponsible." She didn't know right from wrong and she didn't know where to stop.

What kept Scott going was his work. It disciplined him and he grew up, though the growing took a terrible toll. Whether Zelda might have integrated herself through a demanding career is impossible to tell. She had many talents, but she was never offered a chance to use them seriously in a unitary way. By the time she was old enough to imagine a career for herself, the only one she could imagine was Scott's. She did indeed compete with him as amateur with professional, and he did indeed resent it. This kind of thing is the social penalty women paid, and still pay, for protection. Zelda was like a high-powered machine running out of control. The protection from life she'd been given was in fact insulation from reality.

Miss Milford's book is solidly researched, emotionally moving, and intellectually satisfying. I herewith nominate it for the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize.

Elizabeth Janeway's next book will be "Man's World, Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology."

FAMILY PORTRAIT

by Catherine Drinker Bowen

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 301 pp., $7.50

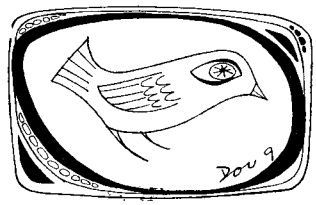
Reviewed by Nancy Wilson Ross

■ As an ardent, although strictly amateur, anthropologist, I often find myself drawn to "real" stories about family life, in particular those that purport to tell all and which do, indeed, frequently reveal more than seemed intended by the author. Catherine Drinker Bowen, a skilled and successful hand at biographical tapestries—John Adams, Justice Holmes, Francis Bacon among them—has now turned her considerable talents to her own family. The dustjacket, in a quotation from Montaigne, expresses with admirable frankness Mrs. Bowen's approach to her task: "I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little the more, as I grow older."

Not alone because of her perceptiveness and humorous candor, but also because of the vigorous characters whom she so warmly evokes from memory and from family and public records, the author has given her wide readership a treat they will surely relish. Some of the labor that must attend the writing of a family biography was lightened for Mrs. Bowen by the happy circumstance of her relationship to people who not only wrote faithfully in diaries, journals, and ledgers, but who also kept old letters, tied in neat bundles, sometimes described on the outside wrapper with such enticing labels as "of intense interest, relating to those *gone hence*." Mrs. Bowen embarked on her own personal journal at the age of eleven, and family archives yielded no less than eight diaries dating from 1758 to 1964. They also offered her what must have been Alps of personal correspondence.

The assiduous record-makers and record-breakers of *Family Portrait* are a fascinating lot, going back to transplanted French Huguenots (turned Presbyterian), to Quakers and ex-Quakers, and coming down to four-square Coolidge Republicans, enthusiastic Roosevelt liberals, and those not-easily-labeled mixtures of public conservatism and personal anarchy once so much a part of the American character on certain intellectual and social levels. All the Drinkers, past and present, shared one trait in common: a passionate concentration on whatever they were doing, and the devil take the hindmost. Mrs. Bowen reserves a compressed but lively coda for the activities of her more remote ancestors, and so it is only near the book's end that one encounters her redoubtable great-great-grandfather, Henry Drinker, an eminent Philadelphia Quaker who refused to fight in the American Revolution or to swear loyalty to Congress and who was stoned out of the City of Brotherly Love and banished to exile in Virginia. (Although the author draws no modern parallel, Henry Drinker's behavior and ostracism sound an arresting contemporary note.)

Mrs. Bowen's chief concern, however, lies in presenting the various members of her immediate family: her mother, father, four brothers, and one sister. Without exception these Drinkers appear to have hurled themselves on life with singular passion, offering unqualified devotion to a variety of interests. In her father's case it was schoolteaching. He was for many years



the adored and venerated president of Lehigh University. For her brother Harry it was an all-absorbing paradoxical double commitment to corporation law and Bach's cantatas—their correct translation, singing, and conducting. The rest of the brilliant, dynamic Drinker siblings rode full tilt at chemistry, medicine, engineering, research, writing (they *all* wrote), "Society," world travel, marriages, fishing, sailing, shooting; finally, with one of them, even alcohol proved tragically irresistible. By following their strenuous careers—equally intense in work or play—a wealth of sociological documentation is provided that tends to telescope time, and makes the reader exclaim to himself, "So that was the way it was!"

This surprise applies to brother Cecil's invention of a home-made, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courageously self-tested, contraption destined to become in time the "iron lung." It includes brother Philip's pioneer studies of the effect of polluted air in mines and factories, and his campaigns to educate not only employers but workers who found his warnings hard to accept and who were apt to reply with belligerence, "Pay us enough and we don't care *what* we breathe." Mrs. Drinker's gifted aunt, the famous portrait-painter Cecilia Beaux—whose delightful period paintings of ladies in furs and flowered hats, formal little boys at their piano lessons, and beguiling long-skirted babies clinging to the starched aprons of invisible nursemaids grace the pages of her niece's book—fought an unyielding battle at home and abroad for recognition as an artist in her own right and not merely as that social anomaly, "a *woman* artist."

Mrs. Bowen makes it quite plain that she had her own work cut out for her to survive the curse, even in an intelligent and devoted family, of being born a female in a world dominated by males. Happily for everybody, the author (who describes herself in girlhood as shy, plain, and insecure, and who must also have been far "too bright" for a proper young lady) managed to burst the walls of her family chrysalis with as much fierceness of intention and capacity for competitive work as any of her famous brothers. By her own efforts she made herself a life that even she must surely view as equal in its rewards to the enviable experiences of her sister Ernesta, the family beauty and universal heartbreaker who, in her first marriage to William C. Bullitt, triumphantly went forth from Philadelphia to the glitter and glamour of pre-World-War-I Europe.

Catherine Drinker Bowen has written directly and vividly about complicated people, most of them a part of the present era—an era, already in twilight, whose many glowing promises seem doomed to remain unfulfilled for some time to come. Although she has written forthrightly about family failings, peccadilloes, successes and tragedies, and bravely shown us not only those who triumphed over life but those who broke under it, as well as those who merely survived its pressures, she has preferred on the whole not to plumb too deeply the psychological mysteries of human behavior.

Near the end of her book she asks herself, and thereby her readers, a familiar question: "Does fate lie in the seed, or does one's future depend upon the ground where the seed falls?" To this question no one, including the author, has a foolproof answer, but Mrs. Bowen has dared in *Family Portrait* at least to offer a generous store of vital firsthand source material.

Nancy Wilson Ross is a novelist and an authority on Asian philosophy and art. Her recent books are "The World of Zen" and "Three Ways of Asian Wisdom."

"Everything you are you owe to me? Is that supposed to be a compliment?"

DIVINE DISOBEDIENCE: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism

by Francine du Plessix Gray

Knopf, 329 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David Schoenbrun

■ "I have been sent to prison more often, and whipped so many times more, . . . in danger in the towns, in danger in the open country . . . in danger from so-called brothers."

"The horrors which we have seen, the still greater horrors which we shall presently see, are not signs that rebels, insubordinate, untamable men, are increasing in constant numbers, but rather that there is a constant increase, a stupendously rapid increase, in the number of obedient, docile men."

The first paragraph of quotation is taken from Saint Paul, II Corinthians. The second quotation comes from the modern French Catholic philosopher Georges Bernanos. Both are cited to introduce a remarkable book, a book that achieves the near-impossible by being passionate, compassionate, and dispassionate, a book aptly entitled *Divine Disobedience*, and much too modestly subtitled *Profiles in Catholic Radicalism*.

It is, to be sure, a book of profiles of Catholic radicals who, in the spirit of Saint Paul, have been sent to prison often, menaced by their "so-called brothers." They are men like Father Philip Berrigan, "the first Catholic priest in the history of the United States to serve sentence as a political prisoner," and his brother Father Daniel Berrigan; men like the Bishop of Cuernavaca, Méndez Arceo, endangered not by anticlericals or leftists, but by "devoutly reactionary Mexican Catholics," who painted on walls the slogan *"Muerte a Méndez Arceo,"* a death threat from "so-called brothers"; clerics like Father David Kirk and Richard Mann of Emmaus House in New York; women like Dorothy Day, co-founder of the Catholic Worker Movement; dazzlingly brilliant, ascetic, fearlessly radical but deeply devout Catholic thinkers like Monsignor Ivan Illich, idol of New York's Puerto Ricans, born in Yugoslavia, son of a wealthy landowner, part Spanish, part German, part Jewish, a linguist, philosopher, and scientist, one of the universal spirits of the Catholic radicalism that has shaken the foundations of the American and Roman Church, shocked and outraged millions of conservative Catholics but inspired other millions of Catholics and non-Catholics throughout the world.

The lives and thoughts of these men and women, their militant, nonviolent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activism, highlighted by the pouring of blood over draft files (the Baltimore Four), the napalming of records (the Catonsville Nine), the creation of centers to welcome the poor (Emmaus House), the use of vernacular in liturgy, the defiance of the Archdiocese of New York, even of the Holy See, in the name of Christ, with unquenchable faith in the past and future of the same Church they challenge in its present institutional structure—all this is presented in a marvelously colorful tapestry of profiles, a modern Passion Play re-enacting the lives of the early Christians. In her deft, rapid, paradoxically rich but austere prose, Francine Gray reveals herself as a fresh, important new talent in American letters.

But there is much more to Francine Gray and to her book than talent and the esthetic joy of reading so thrilling a romance and so controversial an account of conflict waged by a legion of Biblical characters in turtlenecks and peace insignia. Francine Gray is herself a militant, radical lay Catholic, active in the fight against war, poverty, racism, and repression. Like Bernanos she believes the real problem of our day is not the increase of rebels but of docile, self-repressed citizens.

Never intruding herself into her story, with a quick pen and unfailing ear—a reporter with perfect pitch for dialogue—she reproduces the words and thoughts of her characters, whose cool, hip language makes the most abstruse theological and philosophical analysis light, lucid, and meaningful. This is a book of and for times of crisis, yet a book for all seasons; it is not only a book for Catholics, but for all who seek to reconcile faith and reason, God and Caesar, for believers and nonbelievers.

More useful than a summary of her profiles—for the book itself deserves to be read, not summarized in a review—are some examples of the style that gives the flavor of the people and their thoughts:

> July 1968. Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., sat in his office at Cornell University, pecking swiftly at his typewriter, sending out invitations to his trial. He was perched on a swivel seat, his feet upon the bar of the chair, hunched up like a leprechaun on a rock. Wafted by the gentle summer breeze, a six-foot-high plastic Superman painted in brilliant reds and blues floated above his desk. The small, tidy office was dominated by a large photograph of Pope John XXIII; a poster-sized quote from e. e. cummings: "Damn Everything But the Circus"; another gigantic quote from Camus: "I wish I could love my country as much as I love justice."
>
> In neighboring offices, breezy Protestant ministers in Bermuda shorts talked with fearful affection about the leprechaun-prophet next door. . . . "We love everything Dan does," they said, "we don't always approve the *way* he does it. . ."
>
> "Well, Catonsville, okay, it was admirable, but maybe it turned a few too many people off . . . maybe not. It's a very Catholic kind of action of course, very liturgical. This Berrigan is unbelievable, right in the great old prophetic-apocalyptic tradition. He's a great Christian in the sense of the absurd man . . . he's Christian in the Bonhoeffer sense of the incarnational man . . . he's immanental rather than transcendental, don't you think? He's a true convictional model. He incarnates the theology of crisis. These Catholics are something . . . wow, they're reforming the reforms of *our* Reformation, these Catholics today are way ahead of anybody else!"
>
> To visit Philip Berrigan at the Baltimore County Jail, one entered through a side door of the prison into a dark, impeccably scrubbed little hall whose far wall was pierced by five large screened windows. . . . Behind the screen there was the blurred, hulking image of a man in a spectral gray shirt, with a prisoner's unaired gray skin, with graying close-cropped hair, who fingered a little Mexican silver cross. Only Philip Berrigan's fierce, fearless, impatient blue eyes pierced, like headlights, the mist of the screen. . . . One felt in greater need for absolution, in Philip Berrigan's presence, than one had ever felt, for his eyes carried the inhuman liberation of a man whose conscience was wholly cleansed, radically and absolutely purified.
>
> Yet with all this awesomeness Philip Berrigan was gallant, relaxed, smiling frequently as he leaned, arms folded, spectrally gray, against the wall of his visiting cell. He had his brother Daniel's smile, wide, theatrical, irresistibly luminous. He had his brother's sorcerous delicacy; the Berrigans could tame, exorcise, hypnotize anyone who dared to hazard the consequences.
>
> When a war as demonic as this comes along [Philip Berrigan told Mrs. Gray], when all other means of protesting it have failed, you have to resort to desperate gestures to make yourself heard. For electoral politics had failed, and the Marxist hope for radicalizing the proletariat had failed too. We were living in an advanced, decaying stage of capitalism which offers just enough prosperity to the masses to make them apathetic, to tame the forces of opposition.
>
> "The problem for us Protestants in all these radical actions," said William Sloane Coffin as [in the spirit of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians] he mused over the Berrigans' jail sentences and his own protests, "is that we worry about whether we're being fools for Christ's sake, or just plain damn fools. The great thing about the Berrigans is that they don't care to know the difference."
>
> In 1951, Father Ivan Illich, a young European recently ordained in Rome, had arrived in the United States and been assigned to a church in New York's Washington Heights, a conservative Irish neighborhood which was receiving a startling influx of Puerto Rican immigrants. He was welcomed to his parish by its pastor, Monsignor Casey, a hearty Irishman who had once served as secretary to Cardinal Spellman. "Ivan Illich?" Monsignor Casey asked incredulously as he greeted his new curate. "What kind of a name is that to go around with?" "Ivan is Johann, Jean, John," the young priest answered affably, always enjoying his control of many languages. "Ivan sounds Communist," said his superior, "we'll call you Johnny."

—*Wide World.*

"The Berrigans [left to right, Philip, Daniel] could hypnotize anyone."

The key to Francine Gray's thinking, not expressed explicitly in the text, is found in the Introduction, in which she wrote: "The phenomenon of the new Catholic radicalism has been particularly ironic in the United States, where the Catholic community has always been the most chauvinistic and conservative segment of the nation. Its most succinct explanation, if one dare put it in a single sentence, is that re-

(*Continued on page* 41)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

South to the Tamales

THE TRIP IS OVER not when the airplane lands on the runway or when the Diner's Club bill arrives with signed statements in a familiar hand scrawled in haste in a vaguely remembered restaurant a long time ago. The last hurrah is the arrival of the thing that you simply had to have when you first saw it six weeks ago, that was simply too unwieldy to carry, and that (one was assured) would not cost very much to ship.

That's the way it went in my place this week when Van's Auto Express, Inc., arrived at the door and relieved the chatelaine of 106 federal dollars and ninety-four federal cents. What she was doing with all that green a preliminary investigation has not yet turned up.

"He would only take cash or a certified check," she pleaded, and sure enough that is what was written on the billhead of Van's Auto Express, Inc. They had gotten the shipment from a bunch called the Interjet Cargo System, Inc., who had gotten it from Braniff International, who had gotten it from the Museo Nacional de Artes & Industrias Populares in Mexico City. And each of them had gotten a little bit from me.

The Museo, a marvelous place full of raffia cathedrals and baroque angel trees and ferris wheels made out of wire and Jalisco pottery plates, had relieved me of $40 for an enormous stylized clay sun in brilliant colors, $16 for an imaginative primitive sculpture of an ark flying the Mexican flag, and $32 for a four-foot-high figure in fired clay of an Indian woman. Add $25 for crating and insurance, all paid in Mexico. Add $46.33 for Braniff for flying the thing to New York, a fair enough fee. Add $11.38, believe it or not, for an exit tax slapped on it by the Mexican government. Add $10 for Interjet Cargo to get it through customs. Add $17.60 customs duty.

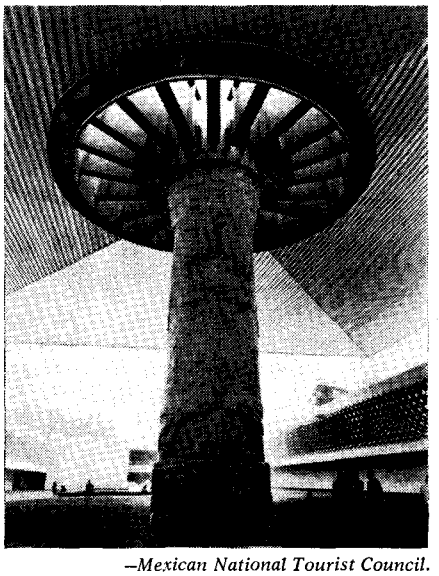
I called Interjet Cargo, "Why did you pay $17 duty?" I asked. "Are you a customs inspector?" the affable man on the other end of the phone said with an affable snarl. "No, but there is no duty on works of art." "Are you a customs inspector?" the man said again, and it was a stand-off. Perhaps it was a recording.

Add $3.57 and $1 for unspecified incidentals. And $4.40 for C.O.D. charge. It all came to $106.94 for shipping, customs brokerage and taxes, plus $25 for the crating people; as well as, of course, $88 for the works of art, how much of which ever found its way to the artists I shall never know.

Well, the primitive ceramic ship sails the top of the palisander buffet now, the stylized ceramic sun, all purple and gold and fat pink lips, shines down from the bricks above the fireplace; and the sculpted clay Indian lady, her open top head stuffed full of growing pansies, keeps watch in a corner of the garden. If I grind my teeth remembering the gulling, the chatelaine looks at me with one of those put-downs that seems to say, but never does, "Well, what would you have paid for a decent painting?" And besides, think of all the memories they evoke.

So far they are only evoking memories of Interjet Cargo and Van's Auto Express, and idle questions I shall never ask such as to whom do I apply for insurance because the hand of the sculpted Indian lady who now grows pansies on her head in a North American garden arrived severed from her arm and had to be mended, albeit not too deftly, by me.

I am assured that eventually I shall gaze upon all these objets d'art and think not of being flimflammed for $17 customs duty on a nondutiable item, but of the magnificent artfulness of the Mexicans, nowhere better to be seen than in the splendor of the National Museum of Anthropology. And if you can summon recollections of the National Museum of Anthropology in your own home for a piddling $219.94, it was a steal, right?



–Mexican National Tourist Council.

Museum's umbrella tree — "an architectural exhibit in its own right."

On the other hand, having a first-hand look at the museum won't cost you a whole lot more. The archaeological collection it houses was moved in 1964 from the old National Mint building, where it had reposed in state since Emperor Maximilian sent it there in 1865. The new museum, which is part of a growing cultural and recreational enclave in Chapultepec Park, is an architectural exhibit in its own right with the vast exhibit halls surrounding an enormous center court. A great cantilevered umbrella tree shades the court, and an inverse fountain, spilling a rainfall of water down the shaft of the tree, cools the passersby. A summary room dramatizes the origins of man and the origins of Mexico, and from there it is a three-mile walk through all the cultures, through the times of the Mayas and the Toltecs and of Teotihuacán, whose pyramids are an easy thirty-mile drive out of town. Guided tours in an assortment of languages flow through the museum, usually covering about three *salas* in one sortie, which is about the limit of human endurance and concentration. Primitive Mexican farm life, including one live cow, is an auxiliary exhibit in a garden flank of the museum, departing rather abruptly from the formal presentation in the air-conditioned salons. On a grassy knoll in the patio on the opposite side of the museum rests the great head believed to be that of the rain god Tláloc. It weighs 165 tons, and James Norman, who has revised the classic *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, says that bringing it from a gully near Texcoco was the most important feat of archaeological engineering since the Egyptian obelisk was brought to the Vatican Plaza. Imagine if Interjet Cargo and Van's Auto Express, Inc., had gotten their hands on *that*.

A traveler becalmed in New York, or especially in Paris, of a Sunday could wither of loneliness, but Mexico City is a Sunday town. The Ballet Folklorico plays a special Sunday morning early performance, and, while the more-tutored-than-thou types might sniff at it, there being not a Mexican in the audience at that hour, it does afford the visitor a chance to see folklore dancing compactly arranged and presented by a national company. The continual popping of flash bulbs by the visitors proved as vexing to other members of the audience as it did to the dancers, and the management was forced to make a number of announcements about it that went largely unheeded. There were no reprisals, but I suspect the camera corps now knows that you can't shoot flash pictures from that distance. The only beneficiaries of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fly Irish
Your first resort to Munich

To Madrid, to Rome, to Paris...to twenty-three cities beyond Ireland. Flying Irish International Airlines is the first choice of more people each year. You get the best buy to or from Europe...beautiful Ireland...for no extra air fare on Irish-Aer Lingus. Ask your Travel Agent.

OFFICES IN: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

IRISH AER LINGUS
IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morning:

Getting up shouldn't

® Kellogg Company
© 1970 by Kellogg Company

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get you down.

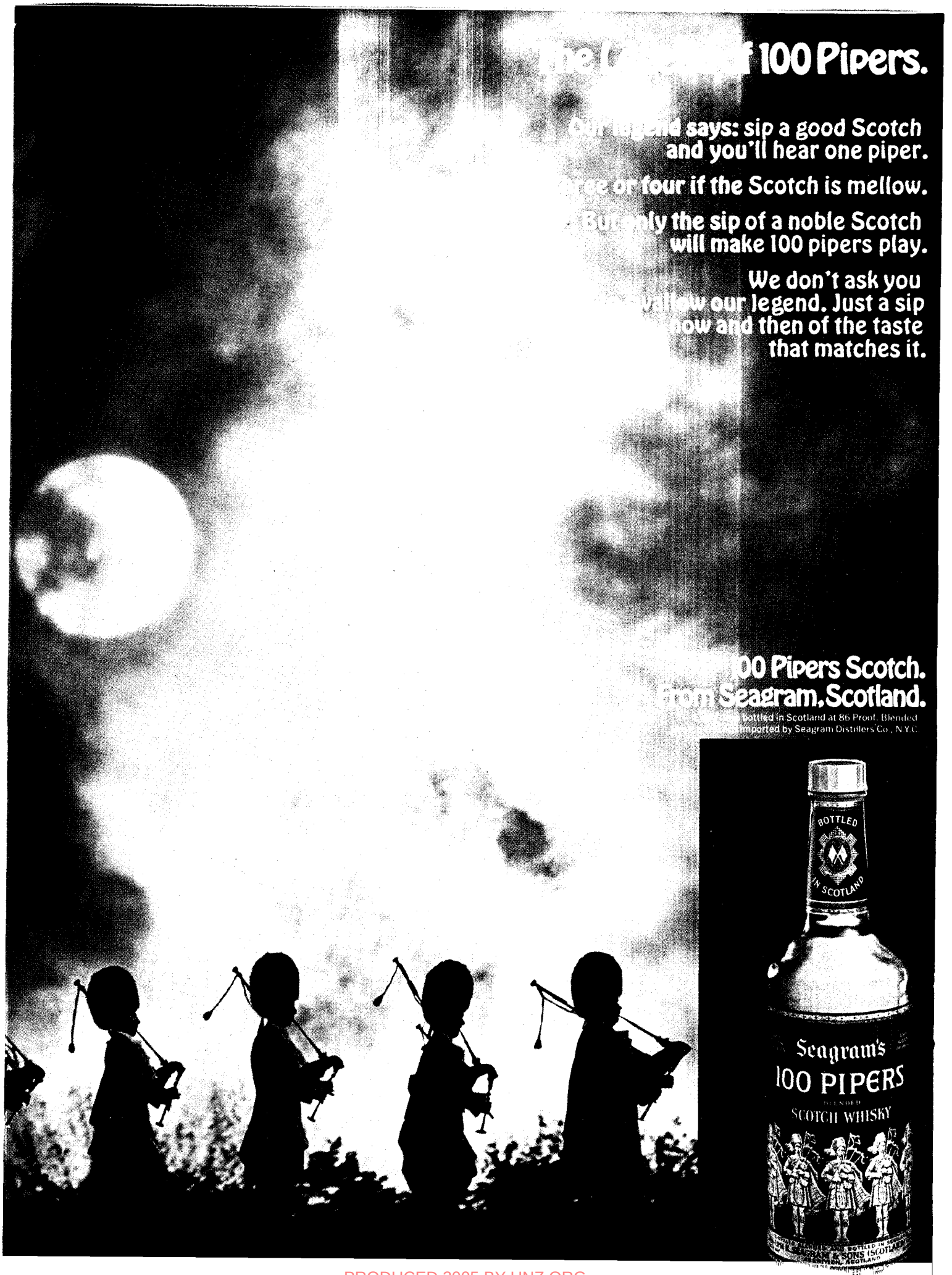
Kellogg's Corn Flakes® won't be a burden. They were made light, easily digestible and attractive, because that's good for a stomach. Especially good at 7 a.m.

Eat a bowlful. They'll make your stomach happy. A happy stomach will make you happy. That will make us happy. And with so much happiness around, morning should look a little better.

Kellogg's

Morning. Let's face it together.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exercise were those people in Rochester. The National Opera House, it might be added, is old and its balconies steeply pitched. Anyone with acrophobic leanings might do well to bid early for a seat in the orchestra.

At midmorning, when the ballet lets out, the choices are varied. For one thing there is the Parque Sullivan, where artists display their paintings in the manner practiced in New York's Washington Square and the Place de Tertre in Paris. It folds early. Bustling at the same time is the Lagunilla Market at Republica de Chile and Peru on the north side of town. It is in the Flea Market genre without nearly the style nor the selection. Laid out in rows are booths selling old rusty keys, bedpans, old guns, pre-Columbian heads of arguable authenticity, and new sunglasses, at $5 the pair, of arguable value. There are Indians on hand to dance for the tourists.

But Sunday's biggest show is still the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, which swings with the fervor of a country fair. Although it is held each week, and is as popular with Mexicans as with American visitors, the high spirit of Sunday jubilation never seems to diminish. The flat-bottomed *trajineros* that carry small groups are poled out into the canal to make their way in the melee of craft, which also includes big party boats that carry as many as twenty-five, all of whom sit down at a table and have lunch. Out on the waters, too, are canoes paddled by Indian women selling flowers, barges carrying mariachi musicians, camera boats, hot corn boats, zither boats, and marimba boats, all creating a hopeless, sometimes seemingly perilous snarl. Somehow the marimba boat, having been given a signal, works its way alongside a boatload of visitors and plays a reedy rendition of "Amapola" at 8 pesos, or 64 cents, per rendition.

It is somewhat less hectic, and surely less dicey, to stroll later in the dry land market, which offers a great assortment of serapes, rebozos, sombreros, and ponchos at bargainable prices, to say nothing of Mexican rugs in brilliant colors and corn, grilled or boiled, impaled on a stick, ready to be eaten with a dash of chili powder.

Xochimilco is Aztec for "the place where flowers grow," and so-called floating gardens were originally rafts built by the Xochimilcas, who covered them with dirt and cultivated them. The gardens were floated up the waterways, ultimately finding their way into shallow waters and tying themselves to the streambed with their roots. Islands and canals were formed, and flowers and vegetables are grown on them to this day. The barges, decorated with flowers, real and straw, as well as with romantic legends that say *Viva Elenito* and *Viva Laurita*, personify the original floating gardens of the Xochimilcas.

Winter is over by March in Mexico City, and on the weekends outdoor restaurants are packed. Old Mexican hands still push the San Angel Inn, a converted hacienda at Palmas 40 at the corner of Alta Vista, but a reservation stamped and notarized is required, and even that is no guarantee of a ready table. For me it's not worth the battle. The most beautiful restaurant in town is probably del Lago in Chapultepec Park—new, unusual, and expensive. More moderately scaled is the Cafeteria del Parque, which is not a cafeteria in the American sense, but a handsome Chapultepec restaurant with tables in the cool indoors or on a sunlit terrace that overhangs the lake.

Cafe Azul, one of the ten saloons and restaurants in the brilliant new Camino Real Hotel, has a poolside buffet on Sundays with the usual shrimp, cold fish, and sliced turkey, but also black frijoles, tacos, and *chicharrones* in green sauce, turkey in *mole poblano* —hot, spicy, dark, and chocolaty all at once. The strolling musicians are happy if inevitable, and the clean look of the tile floors and whitewashed walls adds to the zing. Run by Western Hotels, the Camino Real packs 720 rooms on five floors, which ought to say something to the aficionados of high-rise hotelry.

I put up, this visit, at the Maria Isabel, which has been released by César Balsa and taken over by Sheraton. While not done in the sprightly modern style of the Camino Real, it, too, has yards of open spaces and grand stairways, a specialty of hotels here in the capital, on which a battalion could parade, twenty abreast. The Sheraton decorators have been busy redoing the rooms, and will turn their attention to the rooftop swimming pool that the original builders seem to have hung there as an afterthought. Oddly enough, Mexico City's hotels, despite the capital's long stretch of swimmable weather, have not given the same importance to pools as hotels in the business and resort cities of the United States or those in the Far East. The Camino Real, with an assortment of modest watering holes, is the first departure, and it, too, could be considered a timid one.

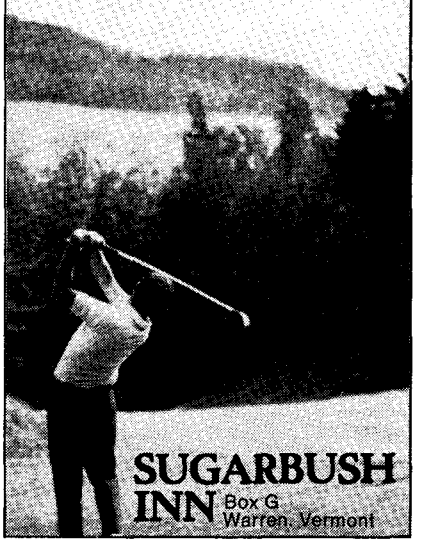
The Sheraton people have not molested the Mexican airs of the Maria Isabel, and it is still possible to walk into the American-style coffee shop and shop the Mexican breakfast menu, which includes minute steaks with Mexican chili and cheese; *chilaquilas*—diced tortillas with cheese, onions, shredded chicken, and hot sauces in

THE 18-HOLE, 72-PAR PGA SKI RESORT

Lucky golfers. After the snows have melted, they have three seasons to enjoy Sugarbush and its lush, but demanding 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course.

In addition to one of the most challenging courses in the East, there's swimming, tennis, trout fishing, riding, soaring, hiking ... plus great food and fine service at restaurants like the Inn's congenial 19th hole, the Beef and Bottle pub.

So pack up your clubs and your family for a vacation at Vermont's lovely Sugarbush Inn. For more information write or call (802) 496 3301. In New York, call LE 2 7700.



SUGARBUSH INN Box G Warren, Vermont

How to help your students get more from television.

Just get Teachers Guides to Television. This semi-annual magazine has lesson plans, bibliographies, related film lists for 14 network programs. So that elementary and high school teachers can use the vast resources of network television. Full year costs $3, single issues, $2—plus 25c per issue handling. Order from: Dept. S1, P.O. Box 564/Lenox Hill Station, New York 10021. Send check for orders under $10, please.

Teachers Guides to Television.

Relax— you've found paradise, our style.

Write: Ray Morrow, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017; or First Reserve Hotels, Suite 1309, 2 Carlton Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

Coral Reef Club OF BARBADOS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two hues, red or green; *molletes*—toasted hard rolls—with fried beans and cheese with Mexican sauce; tamales, red or green—mashed corn with shredded chicken and chili peppers.

The faint in heart may retire to the nearest Denny's—there are now ten in town—which dispense American-style hamburgers and milkshakes in the American short-order tradition. There are, of course, plenty of elegant restaurants with an international cuisine, but for a foray into the Mexican kitchen as likely a place as any is probably La Fonda del Refugio. Just off the Reforma and handy to the midtown hotels, it is a spotless whitewashed nook in traditional Colonial style. The English is spare, and the food makes no allowances, despite the clientele, for American tastes. The mineral water is always uncorked before it comes to the table, leaving the customer unsure whether the waiter filled it out of the tap, the green sauce and guacamole, to be spread on the warm tortillas, will electrify any conversation, and the *chicharrones* in green sauce—in effect, smothered chitlins—fairly bubble with unseen explosives that detonate on touching the tongue. Musicians materialize out of the night and play and pass the hat, the coffee comes in pottery cups presweetened and singing with cinnamon, and big bowls of homemade puddings of rice or pecans are passed for dessert. Homemade chocolate, sold at the desk in round disks, is rich, hard, and flavored with vanilla and cinnamon. The place was full of Americans the night I was there. Perhaps they left, as I did, thinking that if this was true Mexican food then those TV taco dinners at home have got to be something else.

How to give television as homework.

Children can learn much from television — when teachers use Teachers Guides to Television. Issued twice a year, the new publication helps elementary and high school teachers use TV as an audiovisual aid. Each issue has lesson plans, bibliographies, related film lists for 14 network programs. Full year costs $3, single issues $2 — plus 25c per issue handling. Order Fall issue now from Dept. S2, P.O. Box 564/Lenox Hill Station, New York 10021. Send check for orders under $10, please.

Teachers Guides to Television.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

An Electronic Globe

CAN THE American theater experience be as creative, exciting, and popular as the Elizabethan theater? Recently, the question was put forward implicitly when "Hollywood Television Theatre" (a new limited series on the Public Broadcasting Service Network) presented Saul Levitt's *The Andersonville Trial* as the first of four special dramas, produced by Lewis Freedman, under a Ford Foundation grant of $400,000. The production received an enthusiastic reception in all quarters; therefore, one must be willing to consider seriously the question it raised. The idea springs from an aspiration in the mind and heart of Mr. Freedman, a veteran of two decades of television theater on the East Coast ("Broadway TV Theatre," "Play of the Week," "New York TV Theatre," "Sunday Showcase").

He persuaded the Ford Foundation to make the expensive investment in "Hollywood Television Theatre." *Big Fish, Little Fish,* a play Mr. Freedman describes as "a sensitive comedy of interpersonal relationships," will be the next production; then John Dos Passos's *U.S.A.*; and finally, an original, *Poet Game* by Anthony Terpiloff, "an analysis and celebration of marriage, rather less gloomy than *Virginia Woolf*."

The producer hopes that in five years public television can play host to quality drama at least once a month. The productions, originals as well as classics and experimental ventures, would exploit the richest resources of the full range of the American theater, encompassing Broadway, Hollywood, and regional theaters.

In the past, Broadway has represented the sophisticated (class) theater with superior talent of limited box-office appeal. Hollywood has been the depository of top box-office names (talent often recruited from Broadway), consigned to roles on film or television that demanded less than their highest capacities. The least visible side of the American theater triangle has been the local theater, spotted in several cities, experimental in character, and known only to theater buffs.

When Broadway has gone to Hollywood (as it inevitably has, in movies, radio, and television), it has always been on Hollywood's terms: an exploitation of names, but a diminution of quality of performance. This time, Mr. Freedman asked top actors (William Shatner, Richard Basehart, Jack Cassidy, Buddy Ebsen, Harry Townes, Albert Salmi, Cameron Mitchell) to work "for scale." They gave three intensive weeks to *The Andersonville Trial,* which was produced at KCET-TV, the Public Broadcasting station in Los Angeles. The production stinted nothing and achieved all. In a tour de force of role-reversal, George C. Scott, the actor, directed the drama (his first directorial effort) with bravura, emotion, and clarity of characterization and motivation.

The Andersonville Trial is a Civil War variation of the ancient human theme of conscience vs. duty, and is based on the 1865 trial of Capt. Henry Wirz, commandant of the notorious Confederate prison in Georgia, where thousands of Union soldiers died of inhumane treatment. It was a play for the times, echoing Dachau, Auschwitz, and more recently Mylai, as well as moral issues raised by students dissenting from the war in Indochina while facing the barrels and bayonets of rifles in the hands of National Guardsmen "obeying orders."

Ten years ago, the play, produced on Broadway, probably had a more limited appeal. Today, it expands and quickens with the times and their tensions, which come daily with strange, new force to the nation's millions via television and radio, and the headlines in newspapers. It was a superb choice to epitomize the hidden promise of "Hollywood Television Theatre," for here was a play probing the open wounds of a society. The names of the actors draw the audiences; the substance of the play feeds them with prods and purges for their minds.

Change and corruption are the order of the day, just as in Shakespeare's time, and the groundlings and the nobles are met together in a new electronic Globe Theatre. The fantasy persists in Mr. Freedman's vision—a theater not alone of museum pieces but with new playwrights rising from the excitement. Others have entertained the fantasy, but have never seen its realization. These, hopefully, are different times. Public television is here; audiences, presumably, are better prepared. There is the Ford Foundation, and there is Lewis Freedman, who could make it work. In the words of a certain Elizabethan: "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Divine Disobedience

Continued from page 33

pression breeds radicalism. Thus, in a time of profound social and political crisis such as we have lived through in the past decade, it is the men bred in the strongest climate of repression and moral absolutism, the men brought up in that most rigorously authoritarian of all families—the Catholic Church—who may become some of the most committed leaders of that dissident minority which is the leaven of reform.

"I wish to make it clear, however, that my understanding of radicalism, both in its semantic and historical senses, implies a return to roots. . . . In this sense the rebel heroes of this book are deeply traditional, deeply conservative men."

Francine Gray carries forward the thinking of Voltaire, who wrote that "Revolutions are caused by those who try to stop them." As a writer, she is in the best tradition of Rebecca West, Rachel Carson, and Janet Flanner. It will be interesting to see what this bright new talent will do when she writes on subjects not so close to her own heart, although I suspect there are no such subjects for a Francine Gray.

David Schoenbrun, author, lecturer, covered Catholic affairs for some twenty years as a correspondent in Paris and Western Europe, including interviews with both radical and Establishment leaders, from Abbé Pierre to Pope John XXIII.

IF I FORGET THEE O JERUSALEM: American Jews and The State of Israel

by Robert Silverberg

Morrow, 620 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Meyer Levin

■ Carried out with microscopic intensity, this monumental effort to trace the Zionist corpuscle through the bloodstream of American Jewry succeeds on the whole, though one must caution the reader who is new to the subject—for whom Robert Silverberg evidently intended his book—not to accept every judgment as final.

On the first morning of the Six Day War, Mr. Silverberg was surprised to feel "as though the enemy were marching up my own street toward the comfortable house where I lay still abed. . . . more familiar with the tenets of Buddhism or Hinduism or even Roman Catholicism than with those of Judaism, I certainly could claim no mystic . . . bond with the land of the Bible." Yet, mysteriously stirred, he found others who also "felt an impulse to rush to Kennedy Airport, board the first plane to Israel, and offer their services." What had awakened in them?

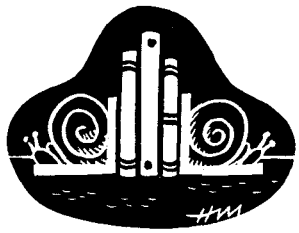
Silverberg, startled to hear the call of Zion in himself, tried to track it down by studying Zionism. Never taking the Zionist cause for granted, and far from ceding its rightness at every point, he presents and tests the evidence supporting the Arab cause and the assimilationist position, including the exercise of political pressure in America on their behalf. Silverberg has provided an excellent background book on this complex subject although the question of what stirred him remains unanswered except in his title.

But when the author tries to explain the motives involved in, for example, fund-raising for Israel, he rests on community status for the "big giver," "fierce pride in Israel," residual fears of anti-Semitism, and the perpetuation of names on plaques. Silverberg seems to miss the fundamental motive, the sense of participation, even if only through monetary gifts, in an inescapable working-out of the unfathomable role of the Jew in human destiny. The much-satirized plaque on the wall in Israel is not so much the donor's receipt as his presence. Another recent book, *The Pledge*, about the adventurous role of mundane businessmen in the underground supply of arms for Israel, comes closer to capturing this mystique [see page 42].

Silverberg, however, contributes notably toward clarifying both for Jew and non-Jew the patriotic question of "dual loyalty" simply by examining the behavior of American Jewry throughout the course of the Zionist movement. This is indeed the burden of his book, and for it he has not only delved into Presidential archives dating from Wilson but studied pressure campaigns and election results. He describes the deft way in which Justice Brandeis nudged President Wilson to confirm the Balfour Declaration, and how, when nobody in Washington wanted to hear any more about Palestine, President Truman's ex-partner in the haberdashery business, Eddie Jacobson, prodded him toward his last, crucial meeting with Chaim Weizmann, which led to the recognition of Israel.

Retracing the political intrigues of the period, Silverberg makes clear that sometimes Jewish pressure is effective, sometimes it fails. These are American citizens conducting a lobby, just as any other group, any other minority, may work for its cause, and when the decision goes against them, as in the Eisenhower action on Suez in 1957, there is no question of their loyalty to America. Even the question of the "Jewish vote" cannot be resolved unequivocably. Silverberg cites instances when politicians courted it, others when it was flouted.

His most telling exposition, reminding one of the horrors of procrastination revealed in Robert Morse's *While Six Million Died*, is of the duplicity, or perhaps "even-handedness," practiced by President Roosevelt when he assured Jewish leaders he would help lift the British ban on the immigration of



death-camp survivors to Palestine, while at the same time secretly assuring Arab potentates that there would be no changes in the embargo without their consent.

The book is effective again in portraying the machinations of the State Department in the last-minute effort to forestall the creation of Israel. After the United States had voted for partition, a new American statement before the United Nations, made without Truman's knowledge, suddenly advocated trusteeship. The tortuous way in which President Truman disengaged himself from this unauthorized proposal is fascinating to follow.

For someone as new to the subject as Mr. Silverberg to have organized this vast amount of complex material within a single year is an extraordinary feat. But inevitably some surface judgments and curious distortions are to be noted. Twice, for example, Theodor Herzl is denigrated, first as a "literary playboy" and again as a "Viennese dilettante." Yet the bombast of Ben Hecht, who surely is more deserving of the first characterization, is quoted again and again with little reservation.

Although, on the important question of how so many Arabs came to flee their homes in 1948, Mr. Silverberg mentions the efforts of Haifa's Jewish mayor to persuade the Arabs to stay put, he leans toward Arab tales of Jewish "encouragement" of the flight. He even seriously propounds the weird explanation that, to save face, the Arab leaders "in a self-defeating boast" later attempted to claim they had organized the flight themselves so as to clear the land and allow Arab invasion armies to move with complete freedom. While it is more important to seek a solution of the refugee problem than to argue

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over who started it, it should be noted that Arab leaders by their own example led the villagers to flee.

Other misconceptions include an oversimplified comparison of Israel's dark-hued Jews to America's Negroes. And in his conclusion Mr. Silverberg remarks that "Even in the United States, where the Zionist dream might not have been expected to flourish, a little band of zealots became, in the end, a powerful movement, until, at the climax of the long and harrowing struggle to give Israel birth, the Jews of America lent themselves almost universally to the effort. . . . American Jews are not Israelis. Israel is not part of the United States. The relations between American Jews and Israel have never been fully harmonious, nor can they ever be. Yet nearly six million Americans of the Jewish faith now find themselves intimately involved with . . . this curious and fascinating nation on the Mediterranean's eastern shore. There once was a definition of a Jew that went, 'You're a Jew when a Jew in Minsk is hurt and you feel the pain.' That definition needs to be brought up-to-date: 'You're a Jew when a Jew in Israel is shot at and you want to shoot back.'"

Again, it is not all that simple. Some Jews want, more deeply as Jews, to find a way to stop the shooting.

The novelist Meyer Levin lives part of each year in Israel.

THE PLEDGE

by Leonard Slater

Simon & Schuster, 350 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by James Yaffe

■ In *The Pledge* Leonard Slater tells the story of the American Jewish "underground," which, in the late Forties, helped to arm the people of Israel for their war of independence. Mr. Slater's account belongs to a genre of history that has become increasingly popular in recent years. The historian, instead of dealing with a whole period or a movement or some other large-scale phenomenon, bears down hard on a smaller, more limited event, tries to make it and the people involved come alive in much the same way that a novelist might.

The success of this kind of history depends to some extent on the depth and accuracy of the writer's research (here Mr. Slater's achievement is impressive) and on the effectiveness of his style (Mr. Slater is a bit too magazine-ish, given to clairvoyant "dramatizations" of his characters' thoughts and feelings). But, above all, it depends on his ability to convince us that his small subject has large implications, that his narrow world casts real light on the wide world beyond it. By this measure Mr. Slater has succeeded extremely well. His story, though it is full of secret agents, hairbreadth escapes, innocent-looking settings for sinister doings, has an underlying theme that makes it much more provocative and poignant than the usual spy thriller.

This theme is the idealism and self-sacrifice of a group of people who, according to so much of the rhetoric that bombards us today, could never have been anything but cowardly and materialistic. Mr. Slater's heroes—the men who put their fortunes on the line for a state that looked as if it would be wiped out in a few weeks by its enemies, who jeopardized their reputations and their freedom by smuggling guns and planes out of the United States, who risked their lives using those guns and piloting those planes in Palestine—were typical members of that stodgy middle-class Jewish community which today is scorned and vilified by its own children. Those unlikely heroes of the past are precisely the "establishment" of the present. By describing in detail what they did, Mr. Slater makes a point about the nature of heroism in the human animal, the need to dedicate himself to an ideal that lurks within the most conventional of men.

Mr. Slater also touches gently, throughout his book, and especially in his final chapter, on a deeper irony. Those same men—who never hesitated twenty years ago to run machine-gun parts across the Canadian border or to ship TNT out of the country in crates marked "Used Machinery"—are now expressing indignation at their children's flagrant disrespect for the law. In evoking this paradox, Mr. Slater takes us beyond the limits of his subject and causes us to reflect on how radically things have changed in a little over two decades. The lines were clearly drawn in that earlier era. There were noble goals to reach, and realistic though difficult means for reaching them. There was plenty of hardship, disappointment, danger, and horror, but not—or so it seems in retrospect—the moral chaos that we are learning to live with today.

The Pledge is moving, as well as entertaining and informative, because it recreates a world in which garment manufacturers, philosophy majors, and labor organizers could join together in a common cause and a common adventure. To those who are old enough to have lived in that world—and even more, perhaps, to those who aren't—it looks a lot like Utopia just now.

James Yaffe is the author of "American Jews" and "The Voyage of the Franz Joseph," to be published later this month.

"Everybody shut up! I can hardly hear myself reign!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS

by Lois Gould

Random House, 277 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joel Lieber

■ Last year Alex Portnoy made it official: little boys masturbate. And several hundred thousand young, educated American males warmly identified with the funny, poignant, painful literary display of that fact. This year, a book for their wives: Lois Gould's. Little girls masturbate, too; moreover, big grown-up mommies masturbate. Mrs. Gould also tells us that they consume Dexamyl by the handful and read Krafft-Ebing in bed while eating Sara Lee fudge cake.

Such Good Friends is more personal and honest and graphic than *Portnoy's Complaint*. But Philip Roth's crazy, hilarious irony is one thing: Lois Gould's depressive, desperately unhappy bitterness, another. Like Roth's, her novel may induce tears—but not from laughing.

Julie Messinger's life falls apart the day she discovers her husband's little black book, with its symbols for his mistresses and the dates and frequency of orgasm with them during the decade that he has engaged in extramarital affairs Julie has known nothing about. She happens upon the book while her husband is dying in a hospital, a victim of some bizarre medical incompetence. Simply because he's her husband and father of their two boys, Julie wants Richard to recover but she also wants him *dead* because she hates him. Indeed, her hatred is so all-consuming that one soon gets disgusted with Julie's hard-as-nails, iceberg commentary: "Dozens, maybe hundreds, of excited or worried, love- or duty- or conscience-driven curious or morbid people, all of whom, incredibly, incredibly, wanted to give of their life's blood to Richard Messinger. They were jammed into the waiting rooms, lining the corridors, teetering on the radiators, and still coming; it was like Friday night outside the Cinema Rendezvous. What could possibly be playing? *Coma*. Starring Somebody You Really Know!" So ugly and insistent is Julie's contemptuousness that I began to wish *she* would die and Richard would live.

But, no matter how unlikable she grows, Julie is real. She lives nextdoor. We see her every day on the street or in the supermarket or at parties. From the look in her eyes we suspect something is wrong, but probably we have never been told just what is wrong in such agonizing and uninhibited detail. Among her revelations are female equivalents of Alex Portnoy's about his use of raw liver. What some men find offensive in *Such Good Friends* is just this kind of intimate disclosure. Women aren't supposed to have equal sexual and human rights—and *talk* about them as openly as men. Lois Gould's frantic, cruel recital of modern middle-class woman's lot is an imaginative chapter in the feminist struggle. It is also another of the many recent signposts of social and psychological and political change going on.

Julie's dying husband is a sweet bastard but no more so than many men. She is a self-proclaimed "cool, heartless bitch," a masochistic, masturbating, self-hating, pill-popping, orgasmless, resentful, scorned woman like whom hell hath no fury. (And very likely only a woman can really understand the fury of her fury.) She is a racist. She is crazily materialistic. A morbid, pathetic, Feiffer cartoon girl trying to tell us what it's like to feel trapped and dead inside. It does no good to call Julie Messinger insensitive and tactless. Her life is loveless and barren, the friends around her loveless and insensitive and tactless. She doesn't know how she got into her uptight, jammed-up mess, nor how to break out of it: the whole depressing chaos started so long ago for her, as it has for others. How many Julie Messingers are out there now, trying to find some point for the absurd catastrophe of their lives?

Even though this is her first novel, Lois Gould writes as idiomatically and naturally and truthfully as an old pro.

—Abramovitz.

Lois Gould—"more graphic than 'Portnoy's Complaint.'"

And, notwithstanding the curious unconscious insensitivity of its acutely sensitive author, *Such Good Friends* is an important, awful, believable book. Many men will resent it, but the novel will change the lives of many women. Certainly, I don't see how the marriage of any couple can be the same after they have read it.

Joel Lieber is the author of the novels "Move" and "The Chair." A forthcoming book, "The Circle Game," will soon be published by Simon & Schuster.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1409

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1409 will be found in the next issue.

FOBI FOR VCO EO C VEB-

BEFO TOARNGMCOAG MQR

EOMRNOCMEFOCB GEMTCME-

FO. EGO'M EM FAA QFL IFT

PRRS NTOOEOX EOMF QEV?

—LEBBECV OEYQFBG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1408

When women kiss, it always reminds me of prize fighters shaking hands. —H. L. MENCKEN.

GENERATION OF RUST

by Endre Fejes, translated from the Hungarian by Sanford J. Greenburger and Teranece Brashear

McGraw-Hill, 215 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert Maurer

■ A saying in Hungary has it that of the country's ten million inhabitants, nine million are writers. Whatever basis in actual fact there may be for this adage, it must indicate something about how intensely committed the nation is to literary culture. Yet, beyond Hungarian borders probably few people could identify the names, much less the callings, of Tibor Déry and Magda Szábo, novelists; Sandor Weöres, poet, or even George Lukács, who has gained some renown as a Marxist critic. Isolated by its language and its fenced-in position between Communist and Western spheres of influence, Hungary as a literary culture escapes our notice almost entirely, even when (as in the revolution of 1956, which was sparked by a circle of writ-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers and intellectuals) the nation becomes part of our global political battleground.

Generation of Rust apparently has broken down those barriers of isolation, at least on the Continent. If the jacket copy can be believed, Endre Fejes's first novel, published in 1962, was "one of the most . . . heralded books to appear in Europe since World War II." American readers may find this strange, and it seems unlikely that the novel will ever receive the attention here given to other Continental novels—for example, Günter Grass's portrait of Poles in *The Tin Drum*, or C. Virgil Gheorghiu's depiction of wartime and postwar Rumanians in *The Twenty-fifth Hour*—that have dealt with the same kind of subject: the history of a family charted over a vast expanse of time and momentous events.

Generation of Rust has neither the robust technical virtuosity of Grass's novel nor the caustic, highly debatable political philosophizing of Gheorghiu's. In fact, this chronicle of the Habetler clan of Budapest from World War I to 1962 is in most respects an utterly bland performance. Its style, the translators note, is deliberately poverty-stricken to a point approaching illiteracy. There are no symbolic patterns, no puzzling complications of plot or character, no underlying layers of significance. If Fejes has a viewpoint, he seems to have surrendered it to his material. Even history is shoved into a distant background: when, during the last war, one character is asked what he will do if the "Bolsheviks" sweep away the sacred fatherland, he replies that the idea has never occurred to him. The only communist the Habetlers encounter at close hand is a ridiculous functionary. The 1956 revolution is for them little more than a rattle of guns, a source of incomprehensible fears.

What, then, can account for the book's attraction? One answer could be that while Fejes appears noncommittal, he is actually wishing a plague on all our political houses and on all Hungary's successive occupying forces, simply by underplaying their effects on normal, everyday life. Such guile and cynicism are not beyond the modern Hungarian temperament, nor beyond contemporary European disillusionment. Another answer could be that readers were shocked into recognizing how far they have moved from the settled, pious, rural innocence of the old days. As this story begins, the original Habetlers slave away all week in a small village in order to pluck their zithers on Sunday after church. In the Budapest of 1970 their children are godless, play strip poker, marry trombone players, diddle with casual affairs before and after their divorces, and murder a relative in the yard of a metal works, a cemetery of rust. The last image frames the corruption of a generation.

But, aside from any thematic interest the novel may have, there is the sheer relentless pull of watching simple people endure through time, and it is surely this that will provide the appeal for American readers. To them the succession of disconnected, almost cinematographic happenings in the Habetlers' lives will at first seem flat, overdetailed, pointless. As acquaintance grows, so does involvement, until one realizes that here is a novel like Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, fixed firmly in a tradition, skillful in its portrait of decadence. Its intrinsic virtues are not sufficient to make it so important a book as Mann's, but Fejes's classical restraint and his absolute fidelity to the Habetler experiences make *Generation of Rust* a worthy introduction to Hungary's millions of unacclaimed writers.

Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch.

Subscribe Now to:

contempora

a literary magazine

Contempora magazine appeals to educated readers in all professions. Contempora serves as an outlet for the most talented and sophisticated writers in America today.

Contempora, Inc., P.O. Box 673, Atlanta, Georgia 30301

Please send: ☐ 6 issues $3.00 — ☐ 12 issues $5.50

Enclosed $_____

Send to_____

Address_____

City State Zip

SPECTOR

by Marc Davis

Scribners, 244 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Nicholas A. Samstag

■ This book craves affection. You want to like it. For one thing, it might—just might—be based on the life of Lenny Bruce, in the sense at least that those penny-dreadful who-wuz-its might be about Howard Hughes or Jane Russell or (for all we know) Mickey Mantle, even though they can't be about any real body at all. But the possibility of Lenny Bruce is important, because everybody loves Lenny Bruce now that it's too late to do him any good.

For another thing, the volume is distinctly odd, and that's a good thing. The right-hand margins are unjustified. Certain peculiar words and phrases keep popping up: an improbable number of things remind the first-person narrator (Steve Spector, *né* Spectorsky, a sick comic) of "vermiculated wood"; a "Gordian knot" is tied or untied at least twice; "acidulous" is a fine word to sink your teeth into and the author does, quite a few times.

Spector is undergoing a sort of identity crisis, the chief symptom of which seems to be a tendency to bolt from the nightclub stage in mid-act, hurling imprecations at the audience. He breaks up with his girl, takes up with another, endures (in the most moving scenes of the book) his mother's death, and resumes his professional life with the apparent conviction that things will, somehow, get better. The end.

There are too many aimless soliloquies throughout, and the vignettes of a nightclub comedian's daily grind are neither coherent nor convincing. Spector's ambivalent relationship with his lovable-but-corrupt Jewish agent (would you believe "Izzy"?) and his new girl (Pandora) are trite and awkwardly realized. Scenes purporting to take place in Greenwich Village wouldn't fool a twelve-year-old A-Trainer.

But, for all these faults, there just aren't that many books that might be about Lenny Bruce.

Nicholas A. Samstag is an editorial writer for the Providence Journal.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 If, *Moby Dick*. 2Jg, *Jew of Malta*. 3Ad. 4He, *Notre-Dame de Paris*. 5Li, *Cask of Amontillado*. 6Kj. 7Ek, *Aeneid*. 8Ch. 9Db, *Bacchae*. 10 Fc, *Lord of the Flies*. 11 Ga, *Sign of the Four*. 12Bl, *Suddenly Last Summer*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nabokov

Continued from page 29

quoting the introduction—which together make up the "texture of parody and self-parody" that is the essence of the book. Or, as Humbert would no doubt say, the editor is the Appel of Nabokov's eye. (A further possibility: my initials are also A. A. Could crafty Nabokov be the author of this review?)

I have only one serious doubt: how could Nabokov, even in his guise of master parodist, have sustained more than forty pages of the introduction's lumpishly undistinguished prose? After all, his own special weakness is the opposite of lumpishness; his prose tends to be over-distinguished, self-conscious to a degree. When *Lolita* first appeared its defenders made much of its stylistic elegance; how, they argued, could any novel so artful, so oblique, so allusive, possibly be pornographic? And they were right. In place of the brute facts of the bed or the torture chamber, *Lolita* offered learned obsession and dubious esthetic bliss; the only orgasm described in detail is autoerotic—when Humbert dangles his still unsuspecting nymphet on his knee. But the slightly frenzied deliciousness of that episode is echoed everywhere in the texture of the prose, which strikes me as strained and unnatural beyond the needs of Humbert's European eccentricity, and verging often and uneasily on the purple:

> Beyond the tilled plain, beyond the toy roofs, there would be a slow suffusion of inutile loveliness, a low sun in a platinum haze with a warm, peeled-peach tinge pervading the upper edge of a two-dimensional, dove-gray cloud fusing with the distant amorous mist.

To my ear, that sounds as though it had been translated from the French. Perhaps it had. After all, Nabokov began writing in Russian, and his English style, however brilliant, was acquired only slowly and with terrible care. He himself has called *Lolita* a record of his love affair with the English language. But this is not necessarily a guarantee of any purity. On the contrary, the wages of that particular sin may well be death to the novel. *Lolita*'s triumph of style involves also a triumph despite its style. Nabokov's vocabulary is huge but quirky, full of words used only by the composers of the most difficult crossword puzzles, and the total effect is of enormous artifice, always tantalizing, always stimulating, but never moving easily. Some, at least, of the editor's footnotes are helpful.

So it may be that, despite all the evidence to the contrary, Appel really exists. Not that it matters, since, even if he didn't, Nabokov would probably have had to invent him. The reason is simple: the editor and his notes emphasize, though lumberingly and at inordinate length, precisely those elements of artificiality—the pedantry, the esotericism, the self-conscious games with style and construction, the knowing winks and nudges to the knowing reader—that have preoccupied Nabokov since *Lolita*, and have made his subsequent novels so glumly unreadable.

Perhaps he resorted to these extremes of mannerism as a reaction to the irrelevant scandals that initially beset poor Lo. As a serious, belligerently highbrow writer, Nabokov must have been intensely irritated when a novel so full of subtlety, wit, and tenderness was greeted with outrage. No wonder he has subsequently insisted, almost petulantly, on his skill, his learning, his mastery of art. It must have seemed the only sure solution to the impossibly false position in which he suddenly found himself. Before Hurricane Lolita struck him he was already firmly established as a cult figure; *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, *Bend Sinister*, and *Pnin*, which appeared in the States before *Lolita*, had earned him a small but devoted readership. With their allusions, their ironies and obliquities, the books seemed, after all, very much in the spirit of those New Critical years, and the satisfactions they offered were civilized, sly, and valuable. Then came *Lolita*, which used the same mandarin techniques but on a far more volatile theme. The result was best-sellerdom, since nowadays the only way to a mass audience's heart is, alas, through its genitalia.

But a huge success has a curious, almost chemical effect on the reputation of a serious writer. His stature is inflated according to his sales figures (remember James Gould Cozzens?). Thus Nabokov was suddenly metamorphosed from a *petit maître* into a major artist. The gains for him were enormous: the freedom to write what and how he wanted with the assurance that it would be bought and read. But what he wanted turned out to be to go further and further into the weird pedantry and estheticism he had only toyed with before. Hence *Pale Fire* and *Ada*, both hailed as masterpieces and both, to my mind, disasters.

In the end, the losses have been more inestimable than the gains. The author has withdrawn from the Olympia Press to Olympus — Montreux, in this instance—and confined himself to his most tricksy quirks of form and cosmopolitan mannerisms of style. And the scholars have moved in with delight. More important, the masses of young readers who once, for whatever wrong reasons, might have picked up *Lolita* and read it with real enjoyment, and then gone on to other, even subtler things, have now been condemned to wading through the book as a duty, their progress clogged at every line by the academic impedimentia of the real or imaginary Alfred Appel, Jr. The truth is, the monstrous apparatus of this edition could only be justified by the most major of major works, a *Paradise Lost* among novels. It turns out to be a paradise lost indeed, since the ponderousness of Appel's machine, ridiculous in itself, manages by its inappropriateness to make the novel, too, ridiculous—like one of Nabokov's beloved butterflies crushed by a steamroller. It seems more like an act of revenge than of devotion. The real devotees do not need an *Annotated Lolita*, not because they pick up all Nabokov's allusions but because part of the pleasure of reading the man is in the interplay between recognition and baffle-ment, puzzle and surprise. Minor pleasures, perhaps, as befits a minor master. But better minor pleasures than Alfred Appel, Jr.'s major disservice.

"It is a book that should be published in all languages."—U THANT

Joys and Sorrows
REFLECTIONS BY
Pablo Casals
As told to ALBERT E. KAHN
$7.95 • Simon and Schuster

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music Festivals USA—Summer 1970

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
EAST AND SOUTH				
New York				
New York City	May 30-September 7	Naumburg Symphony	Free concerts by Naumburg Symphony Orchestra and soloists in Central Park Mall	Evenings at 8:30, May 30, July 4, July 31, September 7
	June 2-June 27	Metropolitan Opera June Festival	Regular performances at the Metropolitan Opera	Weekday evenings (except Sundays) at 8; Saturdays at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.
	June 18-August 20	Museum of Modern Art "Jazz in the Garden"	Jazz and popular concerts by various groups	Thursday evenings at 7:30
	June 24-August 15	Guggenheim Memorial Concerts	Free concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park, Prospect Park, and Damrosch Park	Evenings at 8:30; Thursday evenings at 7:30
	June 28-July 26	Harlem Cultural Festival	Various concerts and recitals in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Band Shell	Sunday evenings at 8
	June 30-July 18	Metropolitan Opera	Free performances in five city parks	Evenings at 8:30
	July 11-August 22	Forest Hills Music Festival	Concerts by Simon and Garfunkel, Leonard Cohen, etc.	Saturday evenings at 8:30
	July 21-August 18	New York Philharmonic	Free concerts in five city parks	Evenings at 8:30
Katonah	June 20-July 12	Caramoor Festival	OPERA: *Growing Castle* (Williamson—American premiere); *Idomeneo* (Mozart); CONCERTS	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 5:30 p.m. July 4 at 9:30
Chautauqua	July 2-August 30	Annual Summer Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; DRAMA	Concerts at 8:30 p.m.; Opera at 8 p.m.
Saratoga Springs	July 1-August 23	Saratoga Performing Arts Center Festival	Summer home of Philadelphia Orchestra and New York City Ballet. CONCERTS; BALLET; RECITALS	Evenings at 8:30, Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Woodstock	July 5-September 6	Maverick Summer Concerts	CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS: Uppman, Frank	Sundays at 3 p.m.; several Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 p.m.
New Jersey				
Telegraph Hill Park	June 10-September 12	Garden State Arts Center Summer Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET	Weekdays at 8:30 p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 p.m.
Connecticut				
New Haven	June 23-July 21	Starlight Festival Chamber Music	Outdoor concerts at Yale Law School with Festival Ensemble, Winter Consort, etc.	Tuesday evenings at 8:30
Norfolk	July 3-August 22	Yale Concerts at Norfolk	Orchestral, chamber music, and choral concerts	Fridays at 8:30 p.m. (Sunday, August 16, at 3:30 p.m.); Saturday, July 25 and August 22, at 2:30 p.m.
Falls Village	July 4-September 5	Music Mountain	Chamber music featuring the Berkshire Quartet	Saturdays at 3 p.m.
New Canaan	July 12-August 30	Silvermine Guild Chamber Music Festival	Four chamber music concerts with soloists	Sundays at 8 p.m.
Massachusetts				
Lenox	July 3-August 23	Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood	OPERA: *Così fan tutte* (Mozart); ORATORIO: Berlioz Requiem; CONCERTS: Boston Symphony	Fridays at 9 p.m.; Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 2:30 p.m.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music Festivals USA—Summer 1970

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Rhode Island				
Newport	July 30-August 8	Newport Music Festival	ORATORIO; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Soloists include Lewenthal, Aldulesco, Rebroff	Daily at 11 a.m., 5:30 p.m., and 9:30 p.m. (except August 2 at 8 p.m.)
Vermont				
Marlboro	July 11-August 23	Marlboro Music Festival 20th Anniversary Season	Informal concerts at Marlboro School of Music, with Pablo Casals; Rudolf Serkin, director	Saturday evenings (and Friday evenings July 24, August 14, August 21) at 8:30; Sundays at 3 p.m.
New Hampshire				
Center Harbor	July 9-August 13	New Hampshire Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Tuesdays, Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 8 p.m.
Pennsylvania				
Philadelphia	June 15-July 23	Robin Hood Dell Concerts	CONCERTS: Philadelphia Orchestra; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.
Ambler	June 26-August 9	Temple University Music Festival	OPERA: *Street Scene* (Weill), *Die Kluge* (Orff), *Il Tabarro* (Puccini); CONCERTS: Pittsburgh Symphony	Daily at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m.
Maryland				
Columbia	May 30-September 13	Merriweather Post Pavilion of Music	CONCERTS: Washington National Symphony; BALLET: New York City Ballet	Various evenings at 8 and 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7 p.m.
North Carolina				
Greensboro	June 19-July 31	Eastern Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Monday through Friday at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m.
Brevard	July 3-August 16	Brevard Music Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:15 p.m.; Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Virginia				
Woodstock	August 5-August 15	Shenandoah Valley Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m., Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
Florida				
Sarasota	June 1-June 20	New College Summer Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; MASTER CLASSES	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
MIDWEST				
Illinois				
Chicago	June 25-September 27	Ravinia Festival	OPERA: Concert performances of *Lucia* and *Otello;* CONCERTS: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RECITALS	Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 4 p.m.
Edwardsville	July 2-August 11	Mississippi River Festival	CONCERTS: St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and soloists	Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7:30 p.m.
Michigan				
Rochester	June 25-August 16	Meadow Brook Music Festival	CONCERTS: Detroit Symphony; RECITALS; BALLET: American Ballet Company	Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 6:30 p.m.
Missouri				
St. Louis	July 6-September 6	Municipal Opera	*Promises, Promises, Oliver!, Man of La Mancha, Oklahoma!, How to Succeed . . ., George M, Fiddler on the Roof;* Moiseyev Dance Company	Evenings at 8:15

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music Festivals USA—Summer 1970

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Ohio				
Cleveland	June 23-September 5	Blossom Music Center	CONCERTS: Cleveland Orchestra; RECITALS; BALLET: New York City Ballet	Daily at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7 p.m.
Cincinnati	July 8-August 2	Summer Opera Festival	*Madama Butterfly, Tosca, Il Trovatore, Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci, Carmen, Samson et Dalila, La Traviata, Otello*	Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays
Wisconsin				
Milwaukee	June 23-August 2	Summer Arts Festival	CONCERTS; MASTER CLASSES at University of Wisconsin; CHAMBER MUSIC	Evenings at 8:15
	July 25-August 29	Operetta Festival	Performances with Viennese cast of Strauss, Lehár	
Fish Creek	August 8-August 22	Peninsula Music Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS. Soloists include Richter-Haaser, Harth, Steber, others	Saturdays and various weekdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m.
SOUTHWEST				
Arizona				
Flagstaff	July 24-August 9	Flagstaff Summer Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET; FILMS	Various evenings at 8:30
New Mexico				
Santa Fe	July 3-August 22	Santa Fe Opera	World premiere of *Opera* (Berio); *Rake's Progress, Figaro, Anna Bolena, Traviata, Nightingale*	Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 9 p.m.
FAR WEST				
California				
Saratoga	June 13-July 18	Montalvo Music Festival	CHAMBER MUSIC: Lenox String Quartet; RECITALS	Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
	June 27-August 30	Music at the Vineyards	CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Los Angeles	July 7-September 5	Hollywood Bowl	CONCERTS: Los Angeles Philharmonic; RECITALS; BALLET	Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays (also Friday, August 21, Ballet Folklorico de Mexico)
Carmel	July 17-July 26	Carmel Bach Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS	Daily at 11 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 2:30 p.m.
Aptos	August 21-August 30	Cabrillo Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Soloists include Laredo, Rodriguez	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 6 p.m.; August 29 at 2 p.m.
Monterey	September 18-September 20	Monterey Jazz Festival	Jazz concerts	"Evenings at 8; also Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.
Colorado				
Central City	June 20-July 25	Opera Festival	Performances of *Of Mice and Men* (Floyd), *Bohème*	Daily except Mondays
Aspen	June 29-August 30	Aspen Music Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Saturdays and Sundays at 4 p.m.; Fridays at 6:30 p.m.; Mondays (July 13-August 24) at 8 p.m.
Canada				
Stratford	July 5-August 23	Stratford Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Soloists include Kraus, Perlman, Marshall	Saturdays at 11 a.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m.
Puerto Rico				
San Juan	May 31-June 15	Festival Casals	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Various evenings at 8:30

HEDY D. JELLINEK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Count Basie: *Basie on the Beatles.* Basie, piano and organ; with sixteen-piece band; Bob Florence, arranger. Happy Tiger stereo, HT-1007, $4.98.	This is Basie's second confrontation with the Beatles and their ubiquitous songs. In *Basie's Beatle Bag* (Verve 6-8659), the arrangements were by Chico O'Farrill; here they are by Bob Florence. Everyone keeps a stiff upper lip and does his best. The fine band sounds most like itself on "Fool on the Hill" and "Yesterday." It acquits itself well, too, in the mildly Ellingtonian "Come Together" and in the imaginative climax of "Hey, Jude." The tenor saxophonists, Lockjaw Davis and Eric Dixon, are the chief soloists, the former on "Yesterday" and "With a Little Help," the latter on "Eleanor Rigby," and both on the exciting "Get Back," where the trombones also impress. The leader's piano is the sunlight in "Norwegian Wood."
Wilbur DeParis: *Over and Over Again.* DeParis, trombone; Sidney DeParis, trumpet and tuba; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Garvin Bushell, clarinet and bassoon; Omer Simeon, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Sonny White, piano; John Smith, guitar; Lee Blair, banjo; Hayes Alvis, bass; Wilbert Kirk, drums and harmonica. Atlantic stereo, SD-1552, $5.98.	The previously unissued material of which this set is composed is a delightful surprise. The virtues of the band always far outweighed such faults as it had. While Wilbur DeParis was its leader and guiding spirit, its star was unquestionably his younger brother, Sidney, who takes a number of brilliant solos. His use of mutes (particularly the derby) was skillful and distinctive, and in this area he had few peers apart from Bubber Miley and Cootie Williams. There are good solos, too, from Doc Cheatham, Sonny White, and Omer Simeon, whose clarinet is contrasted to excellent effect with Rudy Rutherford's robust baritone saxophone on "Watching Dreams Go By." The long, convincing versions of "Basin Street Blues" and "Just a Closer Walk" make the second side the stronger of the two.
Duke Ellington: *70th Birthday Concert.* Ellington, piano, with fifteen-piece band. Solid State stereo, SS-19000, $5.98 (two discs).	In the year following Ellington's widely celebrated seventieth birthday, the American record industry failed to issue a single newly recorded album by his band. With this set of two records (for the price of one), Solid State helps repair that shameful omission. Because it was recorded live in England toward the end of the most exhausting tour in the band's history, with a deputy in the trumpet section and a trombonist absent, the set is an attractive souvenir rather than an optimum performance. Besides familiar standards in the Ellington program, there are many rewarding and overdue items. Harold Ashby (tenor saxophone) is featured in "B. P. Blues" and "Just Squeeze Me"; Cootie Williams (trumpet) in "Tootie for Cootie"; Russell Procope (clarinet) in the enchanting "4:30 Blues"; and the late, lamented Johnny Hodges (alto saxophone) in "Black Butterfly" and—unfortunately underrecorded—"Layin' on Mellow." Norris Turney, a relatively new addition, is heard on flute in "Fife" and, together with Paul Gonsalves and Harold Ashby, in a spirited joust for three tenor saxophones entitled "In Triplicate." Wild Bill Davis, perhaps a more surprising addition, is heard on organ in the last title, in his own "Azure-Te" (*not* Ellington's "Azure") with Hodges.
Coleman Hawkins: *Blues Groove.* Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Musa Kaleem, flute; Ray Bryant, piano; Earl Wormack, bass; Teagle Fleming, Jr., drums. Prestige stereo, 7753, $4.98.	Apart from expendable flute solos, this is an altogether exceptional album. The opening track, "Marchin' Along," begins with twenty-two masterly blues choruses from Grimes, followed by fifteen from Hawkins. More than seventeen minutes long, the performance is never for a moment boring. As accompanist and soloist, Bryant proves his fitness to work with these two giants—and a giant the underrated Grimes truly is. It should be noted that "Tiny Bean," a blues at medium tempo, was not a part of the album when it was first issued in 1958. Although good to have, it is less compelling than the other tracks.
Milt Jackson: *That's the Way It Is.* Jackson, vibraharp; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Monty Alexander, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Dick Berk, drums. Impulse stereo, AS-9189, $5.98.	Once one of the most esteemed jazz labels, Impulse has recently been struggling in the quicksands of the so-called avant garde. In this set, recorded live in Hollywood, a return is made to firmer ground and less chaotic values. Jackson remembers the expectations of his studious MJQ audience on "Here's That Rainy Day," but the other performances are loose and swinging. Brown remains a marvelous bass player, as this version of "Tenderly" testifies, and Edwards manages simultaneously to be both relaxed and enterprising. The biggest surprise, however, comes from Monty Alexander, most of whose recorded work in the past has seemed exhibitionistic or merely decorative. In this context, he plays with a happy zest that is as appropriate as it is enlivening. His authority as an accompanist in the final slow blues is worth noting.
Ernie Wilkins: *Hard Mother Blues.* Wilkins, arranger and conductor; with big band. Mainstream stereo, MRL-305, $4.98.	Wilkins is an experienced arranger who won his laurels with Count Basie and Harry James. He turns his hand here to the fashionable fusing of rock, soul, and jazz idioms. Although the writing and playing are often sensational, they are hamstrung by juvenile material and the obligatory, rhythmic stolidity. "Twenty to thirty-five condenser microphones" were used to re-create the crushing power of the ensemble, against which organ and wa-wa guitar do their shrill, contemporary wailing. The better performances are those of four originals by Wilkins, and it is presumably Billy Mitchell who contributes the lucid tenor saxophone solos. Wilkins is also responsible for *Blood, Sweat and Brass* by The Phoenix Authority (Mainstream MRL-303), a slightly smaller group in which many first-class jazz players are involved. Their professionalism is wasted on the corn, ham, and rhythm patterns of rock.
Mary Lou Williams: *Music for Peace.* Mary Lou Williams, piano and arranger; David Amram, French horn and flute; Roger Glenn, flute; Leon Atkinson or Sonny Henry, guitar; Carline Ray or Chris White, bass; Al Harewood or David Parker, drums; Abdul Rahman, conga; with vocal quartet and trio. Mary stereo, unnumbered, $5.95. (Postpaid: Mary Record Co., Box 32, Hamilton Grange, New York, N.Y. 10031.)	While in Rome in 1969, Mary Lou Williams was commissioned to write a new musical setting to the traditional *Mass for Peace.* In this result, the instrumentalists serve primarily as accompanists to the singers, among whom are some formidable talents, notably the high-voiced Carl Hall and the deep-voiced Carline Ray. The music is bright and positive, and the rhythm section—in which Miss Williams is a power—has a vital role. There is everywhere a feeling of involvement and conviction, not least in the Communion song, "People in Trouble." The lyrics of this begin: "People in trouble, children in pain, too weak to care, too mean to share. . . ." —STANLEY DANCE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Open Theatre production of "Terminal" was a profound theater experience.

Theater in '70

Continued from page 23

ful who saw it. And the only playwright to be cited for more than one play was Sam Shepard (*Operation Sidewinder* and *The Unseen Hand*), one of the many playwrights who began their careers at La Mama. *Operation Sidewinder* was performed by the Drama Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center (along with *Camino Real*, *The Time of Your Life*, and *Beggar on Horseback*—a program that gave subscribers a look at American life by playwrights of four different modern eras), and, although its tale of hippies, Hopis, black power militants, and the U.S. military establishment was sporadically told, Shepard emerged as a playwright with a highly original viewpoint about the contemporary scene. Oliver Hailey's comedy *Who's Happy Now?* also impressed some members of the Circle with its wryly humorous portrait of a Texas family.

Britain seemed to be drying up as a source of hits to be grabbed by American producers. James Saunders's *A Scent of Flowers*, a lovely play about a young girl's death, and Thomas Murphy's *A Whistle in the Dark* were cited in the balloting. But John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, Harold Pinter's two short plays, *Silence* and *Landscape*, and Stanley Eveling's *Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning* were not. However, the late Joe Orton's farce *What the Butler Saw* won an Obie as the best foreign play of Off-Broadway.

Perhaps the most significant eccentricity in the polling was the first place votes cast for *The Constant Prince*, Calderón's sixteenth-century play acted in Polish by Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre. Ryszard Cieslak in the title role demonstrated why he is regarded as one of the world's greatest actors, and audiences restricted to eighty persons a night were mostly very impressed with the group's remarkable technique. Even more overwhelming to some critics was their subsequent production of *Apocalypse*, a new work created improvisatorially. While in the *Constant Prince* Grotowski and his company had rearranged and abridged the original text, in *Apocalypse* they replaced some of the words that emerged in improvisation with lines taken from the Bible and the writings of T. S. Eliot, Simone Weil, and Dostoevsky.

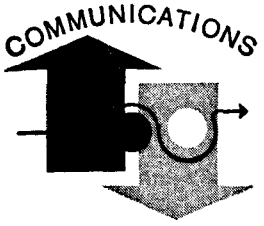
New York's own Open Theatre, which also works improvisatorially, came up with *Terminal*, a devastating theater exploration of what knowledge of death should do for the living. Indeed, both *Apocalypse* and *Terminal* reaffirmed the validity of creating theater pieces in this way, and even some of our resident theaters, such as Providence's Trinity Square Repertory Company, appeared to be moving toward a more vital actor-director-author collaboration on new works.

Roderick Cook and Katharine Houghton explore death in "A Scent of Flowers."

My personal choices for the best of the 1969-70 season follow:

Most fully realized theater work: *Apocalypse*
Best drama: *A Scent of Flowers*
Best play adapted from a book: *Borstal Boy*
Best revival: *Private Lives*
Best comedy: *The White House Murder Case*
Best short play: *Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning*
Most indelible theater experience: *Terminal*
Best musical: *Company*
Best director (drama): Joseph Hardy (*Child's Play*)
Best director (comedy): Alan Arkin (*The White House Murder Case*)
Most imaginative director: Andrei Serban (*Arden of Faversham*) and Maxine Klein (*Approaching Simone*)
Best director (musical): Harold Prince (*Company*)
Best director (revival): Stephen Porter (*Private Lives*)
Best male lead performance (drama): Fritz Weaver (*Child's Play*)
Best male lead performance (comedy): James Coco (*Last of the Red Hot Lovers*)
Best male lead performance (revival): Brian Bedford (*Private Lives*)
Best male lead performance (musical): Donny Burks (*Billy Noname*)
Best male supporting performance (drama): Manu Tupou (*Indians*)
Best male supporting performance (musical): Lewis J. Stadlen (*Minnie's Boys*)
Best male supporting performance (comedy): Paul Benedict (*The White House Murder Case*)
Best female lead performance (drama): Sada Thompson (*The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*)
Best female lead performance (revival): Tammy Grimes (*Private Lives*)
Best female lead performance (comedy): Zoe Caldwell (*Colette*)
Best female lead performance (musical): Lauren Bacall (*Applause*)
Best female supporting performance (drama): Mildred Natwick (*Landscape*)
Best female supporting performance (comedy): Linda Lavin (*Last of the Red Hot Lovers*)
Best female supporting performance (musical): Melba Moore (*Purlie*)
Best performance in a foreign language: Ryszard Cieslak (*The Constant Prince*)
Best scene design (play): Jo Mielziner (*Child's Play*)
Best scene design (musical): Boris Aronson (*Company*)
Best costume design (play): Freddy Wittop (*A Patriot for Me*)
Best costume design (musical): Willa Kim (*Promenade*)
Best costume design (revival): Theoni V. Aldredge (*Peer Gynt*)
Best choreographer: Michael Bennett (*Coco*)
Best composer: Kurt Weill (*Mahagonny*)
Best lyricist: Bertolt Brecht (*Mahagonny*)
Best composer-lyricist: Stephen Sondheim (*Company*)
Best book writer: George Furth (*Company*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

News and the Functional Illiterate

SR Communications

51 Editorial by Richard L. Tobin

52 Letters to the Communications Editor

53 Do News Media Overplay Disorder? Press Power Revisited by John Tebbel

55 Okay, Thoreau, We Know You're in There by Allen R. Dodd

57 When Journalists Become PR Men by Norman Hill

60 Madison Avenue: The Name of the Game by George Lazarus

61 Books in Communications: Fall of the Curtis Empire by Stuart W. Little

62 Public Relations: Playing the Patsy by L. L. L. Golden

Walter Cronkite, the eminent CBS news analyst whose program has commanded some twenty million viewers nightly since 1950, believes that the most severe problem in communications today is that television is watched by millions of people who either do not read at all or do not read well. Writing in the May issue of *Signature*, Mr. Cronkite adds: "Of the television audience, a number we cannot begin to estimate—tens, or hundreds of thousands, millions perhaps—seldom read a newspaper, or a news magazine, and never read a journal of opinion." Yet, as we have pointed out in these columns, the entire broadcast of the average dinner-hour news program could be printed on a single page of a daily newspaper; consequently, the amount of information provided by television is mighty skimpy.

A study just published at Harvard goes on to inform us that half of America's adults probably lack the literacy required to read such basic items as newspapers, job applications, driving manuals, or the simplest exposition. In a recent front-page story in *The New York Times*, Jack Rosenthal quoted the official estimate of the Census Bureau that one out of every ten Americans over age twenty-five is functionally illiterate. But, Mr. Rosenthal went on, the recent Harvard study contends that this is gross understatement; it may well be that over half the adult men and women in this country are indeed "functionally illiterate." Much of the essential reading required in a democracy, even at the level of driving manuals and newspapers, is at least on the tenth- to eleventh-grade level, but, the Harvard study contends, an astonishing number of adults have not even kept up with fourth- or fifth-grade reading skills and are, therefore, to all intents and purposes unable to read and write or absorb information from print.

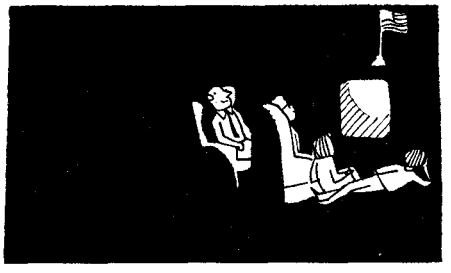
As Cronkite, one of the most thoughtful of broadcasters, points out, there isn't time to develop in any single broadcast even essential argument on all sides of an issue, and the viewer must depend on background reading or he will get a highly colored and erroneous impression of each day's news. Cronkite adds: "Most American cities now have but a single newspaper, and these monopoly survivors, in many cases, are not doing the thorough job of coverage that they should. The result of all this is a genuine crisis in communications. Since a democracy cannot flourish if its people are not adequately informed on the issues, the problem becomes one of the nation's survival."

Is the gap actually widening nowadays between the literate and illiterate? It may be that we are drifting into two classes of adults, not divided by social position, income, religion, color, or background, but by those who can read and write and do so habitually and those who, for all practical purposes, cannot. Reading is a habit, and the muscles of reading require use, as any muscles do. Reading is one of the most private of satisfactions; reading is completely portable, perhaps the handiest of all art forms; reading stirs the imagination as nothing else, and is also communicable—children will read if their parents have books, magazines, and newspapers about the house and not just for show. Moreover, there will always be eye people as well as ear people, and to the former nothing really gets absorbed unless it comes through the printed page. On the other hand, even constant absorption in front of a radio or TV set will lose much that is available in print.

Now, the difference between a hu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man being of ten years of age and one of fifty lies altogether in the matter of toys. If the man of fifty is still playing with childish things and has forsworn permanently the intelligent printed page—indeed, the printed page in any form—the American democracy is the worse for his loss. One of the marks of an educated man is that the habit of reading helps him get rid of what Emerson called "the nonsense of our wigwams." Where the wigwam may be an uncultivated, TV-saturated home in which the printed word is a stranger, emotion, rather than reason, may make the decisions, for much of the wigwam nonsense dissolves not only in the classroom but in the quiet wealth of the printed page in post-school years. One undeniable mark of the educated man is a flexible, versatile mind capable of dealing rationally with expansive new conditions. And this mind cannot be formed without the linear reasoning that comes only from habitual exposure to the printed word.



Since democracy is the most complex, the most advanced, the most sophisticated of political ideas, the system requires a large and prosperous middle class, and it asks of that great middle class a certain minimum literacy, not simply a smattering of wigwam gossip. However, if half our adults are already functionally illiterate, as the Harvard survey suggests, and if television continues to operate in the vast wasteland of lowest-common-denominator mass mediocrity, it is little wonder that academic freedom and free speech have in recent weeks eroded occasionally to a sort of fascist emotionalism, without overmuch reaction to it on the part of the average American. In this soil, dictatorships of Left or Right are seeded and grown to harvest, sometimes so quickly that it is all over before the people know what's happened. And although television is technically the greatest communications medium the planet has yet produced, we believe and agree with both the eminent CBS newsman and the Harvard survey that the people themselves are going to have to assume some of the responsibility to learn, and that this cannot happen until the trend toward functional illiteracy is somehow reversed. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The 15-Per Cent Agency Discount

RE: Walter Weir's "What Is an Advertising Agency?" [MADISON AVENUE, Jan. 17]. He says, in part:

> The handwriting on the wall probably appeared with no Daniel to interpret it, when the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Periodical Publishers Association agreed to a *consent decree under which [the] advertisers no longer had to place their advertising through an agency to obtain the 15 per cent discount formerly given by media to advertising agencies exclusively*. Not all advertisers, when this happened, fired their agencies forthwith and began providing for their own needs. But with the consent decree it became apparent that the advertising agency, as an institution, existed largely because of the media commission system and not solely because of the provision of a mystique unobtainable elsewhere. [Italics added.]

The four As and PPA did sign separate decrees with the Department of Justice in February and May 1956, respectively. However, contrary to the impression created by Mr. Weir, neither of these decrees makes any reference whatsoever to the 15-per cent discount. By the terms of the decrees, each organization is specifically enjoined from interfering in any policies relating to rates or commissions of any of its members. It is strictly a decision of each individual medium, agency, and advertiser to determine the basis on which each will do business.

BOB KENYON,
Executive Vice President,
Periodical Publishers Association,
New York, N.Y.

From the President of SAAWWB

BEING A MEMBER of that elite group of 53,000 high school seniors selected for recognition in *Merit's Who's Who Among American High School Students*, I immensely enjoyed Gilbert Cranberg's "The Business of Selling Vanity" [*SR*, May 9]. When I received their questionnaire regarding "Activities," I listed myself not only as head of the James K. Polk Fan Club, but president of SAAWWB (Society for the Annihilation of Asinine Who's Who Books). I have yet to see if my name was published.

BOB ZEPFEL,
Fullerton, Calif.

The Tasteless Corn

THE FEES PAID to "celebrities" for mouthing commercials as touched upon by Stuart W. Little in "The 'Celebrity' Commercials Industry" [*SR*, Apr. 11] seem to be fabulous, considering the cheap, tasteless corn in their "messages." The practice, of course, is consistent with our standard of values: that the highest rewards go to those who do the most useless and worthless things. We may find some solace in Santayana's lofty ode:

> My heart rebels against my generation,
> That talks of freedom and is slave to riches,
> And, toiling 'neath each day's ignoble burden,
> Boasts of the morrow.

L. F. BLASSINGHAM,
Latrobe, Pa.

TV Violence—and the Ghetto Child

RE: Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Five Acts of Violence Per Hour" [*SR*, Mar. 14]. The Port Edwards High School students who disagreed with the earlier editorial "When Violence Begets Violence" pointed out that a child from a good home environment should be little influenced by TV, i.e., a normal child won't copy the antisocial behavior he sees.

But what of ghetto children who daily face squalor, hunger, fear on the streets and even in their own buildings, whose lives are circumscribed by not only low income but low aspirations, low standards, limited knowledge, and a life focused on merely existing rather than growth toward refinement? Certainly brutality (and blatant sex) on TV only reiterate and reinforce the meager existence that the child knows firsthand.

While some opt for violence as "entertainment" and the networks claim they are giving people what they want, no one goes so far as to claim that violence is *beneficial* to any viewer, child or adult. Even the Port Edwards students said TV violence wouldn't affect them *adversely*; they don't claim it improves or educates or serves a valuable purpose.

Children in slums obviously don't have many of the advantages of children from higher economic brackets. But even slum homes have TV, and the children spend hours in front of the TV screen witnessing scene after scene of fighting, shooting, and all sorts of physical torture, and the cumulative effect of this viewing cannot be ignored.

If television has no effect on people and their actions, as some defenders of violence would have us believe, why do advertisers spend such large sums to reach and persuade in favor of their product? Why is a commercial repeated ad nauseam if repetition has no effect?

Surely we have our priorities all confused when we argue in defense of the low-grade formula shows nightly spewing out of TV, when we opt for the "realism" of gory sensationalism (and then are horrified when the violence and crime constantly depicted erupt and feed on themselves in our neighborhoods).

Why not cultivate man's natural instincts for good instead of arguing that TV violence does no harm? What about presenting the very real qualities of wit,

(*Continued on page 63*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Press Power Revisited

by JOHN TEBBEL

In the continuing controversy over the role of the media in society, fundamental questions about the traditional "power of the press" are being raised, and attitudes toward that power are changing. For example, a poll of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, taken during the April convention in Ottawa, showed that these station managers and executives, representing a broad political spectrum, were unclear as to either the role of the media or their power. While a similar poll of American broadcasters might show different results, and one of newspaper publishers in each country might produce still other results, such variations would only emphasize the ferment over changing attitudes.

The Canadians—divided into morning and afternoon sessions—were asked a series of questions, and there were sharp differences between the two groups, but a consensus can be arrived at by combining their votes and taking a rough average. Incidentally, the CAB members were agreed, 54 to 42 per cent, with 4 per cent undecided, that Canadian attitudes on social issues were unduly influenced by attitudes and events in the United States, which are fully reported in the Canadian media.

On the question of whether the mass media accurately reflect the degree of disorder actually present in society, the broadcasters were almost evenly divided, with 48 per cent yes, 47 per cent no, and 4 per cent undecided. Oddly, the morning and afternoon groups held exactly opposite views. In the morning, 54 per cent voted no and 39 per cent yes, while the afternoon tally was 58 per cent yes and 40 per cent no.

They were next asked whether the very nature of "news" makes it inevitable that the media overrepresent disorder; they more or less agreed, 63 per cent to 30, that it does, with 6 per cent undecided. But asked whether, by the very act of reporting disorder, the media contributed to or even created more disorder, the broadcasters, with the morning and afternoon groups again taking opposite views, decided narrowly, 44 to 42 per cent, that they did not, with a high 14 per cent undecided.

There is a growing belief that the media must pay closer attention to the qualifications of those who gather and present the news, and the Canadians reflected this conviction by voting 59 to 27 per cent, with 13 per cent undecided, that the education, intelligence levels, and pay scales of news gatherers are insufficient to permit them to understand and report on current social issues. However, the broadcasters did *not* believe—56 to 34 per cent, with 9 per cent undecided—that the media news gatherers themselves tended to represent or support a particular viewpoint or philosophy of social action.

On the question of whether the impact of the mass media is overrated in view of the other apparent influences on people's attitudes and activities, the Canadian broadcasters decided narrowly, 48 to 46 per cent, with 6 per cent undecided, that it is not. Once again the morning and afternoon sessions voted differently.

By and large, however, the broadcasters quite understandably believe that the media, whatever their faults, are fulfilling a necessary function: "reporting the news." They responded with a resounding affirmative, 79 to 16 per cent, with only 4 per cent undecided, that, everything considered, the mass media were doing a good job.

On a broader front, it is evident that the idea of press power, particularly the power of the individual publisher that was prevalent through most of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth, has now suffered a radical change. Orson Welles's hardy perennial, *Citizen Kane*, provides a telling illustration. Recently, in a theater packed with few people over twenty-five, it was obvious that this young audience had come primarily as cinema buffs to see what has become a classic of moviemaking. But in the unfolding of the plot, they were clearly not much concerned, as an older viewer might be, with the ways in which the film paralleled the life of William Randolph Hearst. (It does so in only general outlines.) They were fascinated with the *subject* of the movie, which is power, and with how that power is exercised by a newspaper publisher. Indeed, Hearst is little more than a dim memory, if that, to the present college generation, and no doubt the Hearst-like exercise of power by publisher Kane seemed as antiquated to them as some of the Wellesian cinematic techniques that were so excitingly new at the time. For where, looking about them, can they see anything approaching the power Hearst wielded?

In terms of control, the most powerful publisher in the world today must be Lord Thomson of Fleet, who is virtually unknown to most Americans of any age, yet who owns more newspapers in America than anyone else. In England, where he is well-known, even his critics would hardly argue that there is anything sinister, or even manipulative, about the control he exerts over his empire. Indeed, some criticize the benevolent, laissez-faire attitude he extends to the editorial operation of his properties. Nor is he the powerful political figure represented by such previous lords of the same realm as Northcliffe and Beaverbrook.

In terms of individual influence, *The New York Times* is surely the most powerful newspaper in America, but, with no intent to make invidious comparisons, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the

president and publisher of the newspaper, is not an individual to be reckoned with politically as was the paper's founder, Henry J. Raymond, who was also a nationally known politician. Nor is Mr. Sulzberger as national a figure as was Adolph S. Ochs (1896-1935), who founded the modern *Times*. In fact, people outside the business would be hard put to name the publishers who came between Ochs and the present Sulzberger.

Yet, the *Times* nevertheless has undeniable power, derived from what it prints and not from the man who directs it at the top. The same could be said for the remainder of the nation's press. We are not lacking in able publishers, but the nature of press power has changed. The press lords of yesterday have gone. Colonel Robert R. McCormick and Roy Howard were the last of them. Is there a single publisher, or editor for that matter, whose name is widely known to the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general public today? The American who controls the largest number of newspapers in this country is Samuel I. Newhouse, a retiring figure, seldom interviewed, who few people outside the industry know exists.

Gone, too, is the day when the publisher and his paper could be a decisive factor in political fortunes by giving support to one party or another or withholding it. The conservative New York *Daily News* does not sway elections in New York City through its hammer-and-tongs editorials any more than the reasoned Republican editorial page attitudes of the Providence *Journal* have much effect on Democratic Rhode Island. Where political editorials are read and heeded are those solid areas where a paper's constituency is already largely in agreement with it.

However, this is not to say that newspapers are without political influence, as is evident in the daily grist of corruption of every variety they bring to the public's attention, which often is acted upon by prosecutors and grand juries. They influence attitudes, too, by the way in which they consistently thrust facts under the nose of a public that would rather not think about them. Newspapers, in fact, only begin to tell the public all it should know about the way it is governed, and about how its society operates. But what they do tell has been enough to motivate every major reform move in this century.

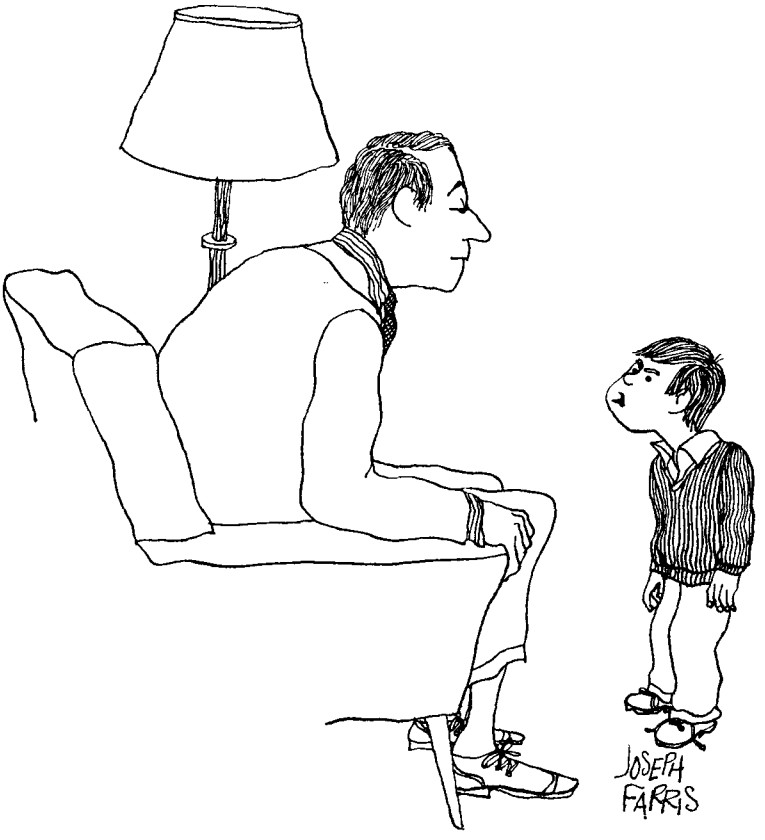
Newspapers today are, more and more, serving something of the same function as the colonial press, which, although biased to a point unimagined in the wildest Agnewian dreams, nevertheless offered a sounding board for many viewpoints, and in the end did more than anything else to crystallize public opinion on the important issues of the day, and to hold it together when it wavered under the pressure of events.

The danger is that the press might slip into the unrestrained advocacy, as it did a little later, which made it a mere propaganda instrument and therefore utterly unreliable as a purveyor of news, in the manner of much of the world press today. That possibility is not as remote as it may seem. Just as the idea of a university as an instrument for social change instead of an intellectual laboratory is being widely advocated, so too can we expect a further steady push by those who insist that a newspaper should have the same kind of public utility. A good many of these insisters, products of the new university that is slowly emerging, are already on newspapers, and the older generation is having trouble dealing with their concepts of the "new journalism," which is scarcely distinguishable from the old journalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Television has replaced the individual publisher with his editorial page as the prime influencer of mass political opinion, not by its own advocacy but by bringing people face to face with men and events. The power of television in Presidential elections has been well demonstrated and hotly debated, and it is an issue whose importance can only increase. Yet, once more, the power rests not with the broadcasters as individuals but with the implicit power of the moving image on the home screen. Government has individuals under control through the FCC, but it cannot control public reaction to what is seen.

The entrepreneurs of television seem to understand and accept their role more easily than some publishers. For example, when the Times-Mirror Company, of Los Angeles, recently acquired the liberal *Newsday*, on Long Island, it was reported that a Republican publisher would be appointed to succeed the retiring William Moyers, President Johnson's onetime aide, with the purpose of giving the paper a pro- instead of an anti-Nixon, anti-war orientation. No one in Los Angeles, apparently, considered that political attitudes in the paper's circulation zone might remain as unaffected by this change as they were by *Newsday*'s previous policies. This paper's value to its readers, like most of the press, is informational and not party-political. Similarly, those who cry "monopoly" at the press are unable to produce any evidence that economic and political monopoly are necessarily related. In terms of press power, it would be hard to prove they are related at all.

More and more, the real power of the press today emerges as a conveyor of information that government and others would like to withhold from the public if that were possible, so that they might exercise their own power without undue interference. As the Pulitzer Prizes alone testify every year, the press does a significant and vital job in preventing such abuses. The public frequently does not agree with the information the newspapers provide, but that is immaterial. What is important is that the information be provided, without interference, so that the public can interpret it, argue about it, and act upon it as it chooses. That is, and always has been, the true mission of the press in our kind of democracy.



"Our lakes are dying; our air is polluted; our rivers are filthy; racial tensions are tearing us apart; the cities are becoming disaster areas; there's more and more crime in the streets; and now you want to defer part of my allowance."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Okay, Thoreau, We Know You're in There

by ALLEN R. DODD

Among our acquaintances, we are the people who "actually did it." The definition of "it" varies with age and idiom—dropped out, escaped, bolted, exurbanized, did the Thoreau bit. In less swinging but more specific terms, we abandoned two jobs and a rent-controlled apartment in New York City and moved to a crumbling farm in Maine, there to nail shingles, raise corn, and practice the trade of writing.

This, of course, is the standard urban daydream. The sales manager is going to open that general store, the journalist is going to buy that county newspaper, the television executive is going to run a rural radio station, dispensing Truth and coming into New York once a year to collect his Peabody Award. The writer's fancy is far more prosaic; he merely hopes to write. That is, he hopes to get to the typewriter and stay there for some productive period of time.

Writing is a much-admired art in the United States, but not an acceptable occupation. It usually is linked with some other and more profitable trade: driving a taxi, editing a magazine, or guiding a company's relations with an increasingly belligerent public. America has a tremendous respect for print. It views Instructions for Assembling with the same reverence Europe yields to minor poets; it bows to the printed form as men once bowed to the crown and scepter. It also happens to have a Victorian distaste for the sordid details of literary gestation. Americans do not like to think of authors working a 9-to-5 day; they prefer to believe that books are found under rose bushes, like babies. This leads to the general assumptions that:

• A short article can be written in less time than a long one.

• A funny article can be written in less time than a serious one.

• Fiction requires no time at all, since the author makes it all up and doesn't have to do any research.

• Writing is pure profit, since it all comes out of the author's head (a belief apparently shared by the Internal Revenue Service).

• A writer can leave his work and return to it at any time; so he's the ideal person to send to the industry lunch if the marketing director can't make it.

All this is summed up by the people who ask how long it will take "to write that piece?" The question is always an awkward one, since you seldom know whether their definition of "write" includes research and rewriting. "Rewriting?" one industrial client asked indignantly. "You mean you can't do it right the first time?" It might have been about then that we started thinking of exurbanization.

There were, admittedly, other considerations. We are both city children, born in New York and London, respectively; wedded to the subway and the delicatessen, trained to have exact change ready and to step to the rear of the bus. In our minds, everything came to a focus in the city; that's where the action was. It is never easy to admit that such a love affair has become purely a matter of habit, rooted in the past, demanding too much of the present, promising nothing for the future. It can happen, however, and we began to wonder if somebody else had the action. Increasingly, it appeared, the New Yorker's function was to support the sewer system and pass judgment on ideas that often originated elsewhere. There seemed to be only one reason for getting ahead, and that was to stay even.

When you reach this point, you start scribbling figures on memo pads and the backs of envelopes. They always add up to the same conclusion—it can't be done. Unless you have a private income or write the sort of stuff that wins grants, there's a gap between the most you can hope to make and the least you can hope to spend that can only be bridged by luck or larceny. And that's that. On the other hand. . . .

On the other hand, we were about as close as we were ever likely to get. We couldn't see that gap getting any smaller; if anything, it was likely to widen. In the end, we made our decision almost impulsively, like a horse player throwing his roll on Peptic Ulcer in the third. He may be risking a long shot, but it's a long shot played in the knowledge that his roll will be lost anyway, whittled away by turnstiles and tax collectors, absorbed by bartenders and escalating economic trends.

The news rattled the "in" crowd at Chock Full O' Nuts. "Buy an old place in the country?" "How 1930s can you get?" "Good God, haven't you read *Mr. Blandings?* Haven't you seen *George Washington Slept Here?*" Well, yes, we had; we had also read several paperback books that said alarming things about plumbing, heating systems, foundations and sills, whatever they are. All these warnings are accurate, but they're also largely academic. You pick from what's available in your price range, and at our price range something had to be bad. When we finally found our house, there was no need to check the plumbing. There was no plumbing. There was no heating system, either. As for the foundations, they had stood for 150 years, and we could only hope they'd go on standing. In any case, this is not the moment to be analytical; if you start thinking sensibly, you'll think yourself right out of the whole project.

It was a one-and-a-half-story house of the type known as "center chimney Cape," low-ceilinged but sunny, located on the edge of a town of 3,000. It had a forty-foot ell, used as a tool and woodshed, a barn, a garage, two sheds, an outhouse, a "dug" well with a cast-iron pump, no closets, and twelve acres of land. The town was small but attractive: ancient elms, a large modern high school, a single business block, a ship's mainmast serving as a flagpole, a horseshoe-shaped harbor with high-prowed lobster boats pitching at their moorings. With fish on one side and farms on the other, we reasoned, we ought to eat somehow.

In the long run, our casual cost estimates turned out to be surprisingly accurate. We had plumbing and heating installed; after that everything was do-it-yourself, including the construction of closets and a kitchen in the ell. We had to go wrong someplace, and we went wrong in our easy assumption that we would have plenty of time. It is a simple matter, sitting in a New York apartment, to paint the barn in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one quick daydream, clear the land in another, and spend the rest of the week earning money. But a country house does not just sit there; it has seasons, and you have to run to keep up with them. "When you gonna burn off?" a neighbor asked, and we realized suddenly that our castle nestled in twelve years' overgrowth of brush and dry grass, as explosive as gunpowder. The "burning off," a spectacular, sooty business, was done with the aid of experts from the local fire department and left a vast, blackened wasteland. "It'll come up green," said a fireman, and to our astonishment it did. Obviously, the city hicks had a lot to learn.

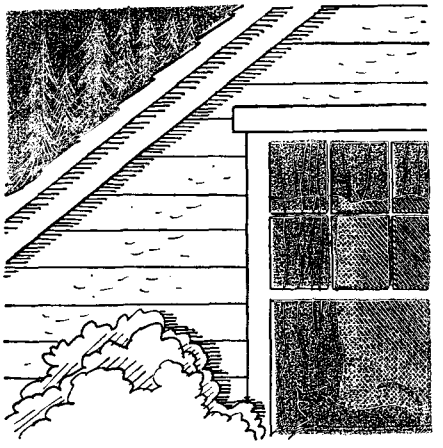
We stole the time to put in a small patch of corn, put it in too late, and lost it to the first frosts. The winter found the kitchen still lacking one inside wall and a ceiling. "May as well shut off them registers," somebody said, "all your heat's goin' out past the rafters." We shut them off, and the pipes froze. The expectation of eight hours at the typewriter was shattered by the crash of the upstairs ceiling collapsing into the stair well.

This period passed, however; we nailed together some gaps and learned to live with the rest. Our ears became tuned to the sounds of the country: the gentle whisper of a shingle sliding off the roof, the murmur of a stream running through the basement, the cries of some furry little woodland creature being mugged by Cassius the Cat. Cassius came to us out of the sleet one winter night, gaunt and scarred, one ear gnawed to a stump, one paw slashed to the bone. He lived on his luck, evidently, and some affinity drew him to our door. We took him into the firm, and he set to work with quiet efficiency clearing the barn, the outbuildings, and then the fields of mice, rats, moles, shrews, squirrels, and an occasional rabbit. When Cassius is not working, he crouches on the window sill and stares out across the valley and thinks. We'd give a lot to know what he is thinking; he has a tribal memory reaching back to Tutankhamen; he is a specialist in survival.

Most of our neighbors fed the birds through the winter, and we began feeding them, too. This is another part of the natural pest-control cycle; if you can attract birds to your land, they hold down the bugs and reduce the need for insecticides. This was a year or so before the environment suddenly became "in"; conservationists, at that time, were simply squares, opponents of progress, little old ladies in Army boots. Things are brighter now; we can switch on the TV set any evening and be lectured about our ecological apathy by commentators from the meadows of Sixth Avenue.

When our second spring rolled around, we got the seeds in early and ultimately reaped about six bushels of corn, four bushels of turnips, and some runner beans, peppers, and carrots. The cost of these crops probably totaled only a little less than we would have paid in the supermarket, but they were all fresh and they were all ours. Nothing gives a writer a sense of security like a corn patch in the back yard; it is sort of an agricultural residual. Such minor successes alter the emotional climate; two years ago we wanted another bedroom, now we want a tractor.

Other personality changes creep in. We had been warned that "the pace is slower," but it isn't, not really. Maine scratches hard for a living, but it scratches deep; the city does six jobs



superficially, the hinterlands do three thoroughly. The city shopkeeper is an anonymous opponent; the small-town shopkeeper is a neighbor, and you pause to talk or wait while others do. It isn't wise to push this process; this is where information is traded and advice is given. We staggered through our first year on such advice, hours of it, patiently spelled out.

There is a sense, too, of having one's citizenship restored or, at least, of having it unbloc-ed. The minority of one can still be heard at the town meeting. It may be an outdated institution, as some professors claim; that depends on whether you have anything to say. If you have, it isn't. The airing of opinion, however, is not the only or even the principal function of the town meeting; it serves to get things done and to inform both the governors and the governed. People who attend such meetings regularly come to know a good deal about the drudgery of municipal administration, about budgets, bonds, and surpluses, about the sources of the community's income and the nature of its problems. They do not rise, as a rule, to exhort, but to ask, and a shrewd question can have more impact than a shrill protest. It is not a stage for charisma, not with forty or fifty public issues to be settled in one evening by people who have to get up early the next morning.

In time, one turns up other émigrés. The farm-to-urban migration has been extensively publicized; the slow leak from the city has received far less attention, but it exists. These people come as individuals; there is no single force pushing them. They come in the hope that fixed incomes will stretch a little further, they come so the kids can grow up with fields and fresh air, they come to find out if work can be more rewarding outside the money machine, they come because clear-cut poverty seems preferable to a steadily tightening economic vise. "I worry about my next dollar instead of my next job," says one refugee. "It's no easier, but it's simpler." Another moved, so he claims, because his favorite saloon was replaced by a stack of advertising agencies. "Oh, they stuck a bar in the new building, but it was just a copy of the original, and so were the people, copies of the originals. I can remember. . . ." He can remember summer nights on tar beach and barrel organs and stores without uniformed guards and rehearsal halls filled with kids who were all deep wonderment rather than shallow wisdom. He can remember when five bucks' worth of chop suey would fill a bathtub. "And now they say, 'I made it through another month,' and they're bragging."

In the long run, the pursuit of more time turned out to be an illusion. The country life makes its own demands on each day, and so do the bread-and-butter writing chores that keep a freelancer afloat. What we have achieved is slightly more control over our time. We can get to the typewriter early in the morning—subway time in the city—and we can fend off many minor problems until it's convenient to take a day off and handle them. As a result, somewhat more of our working time is productive time, somewhat less of it is spent observing rituals or trying to make an impression on someone. Maine is fairly sophisticated about writers and artists; it has a good many of them, and it also has its own tradition of unhurried craftsmanship. Down East, they know you don't go peering over a man's shoulder if you want him to do a good job.

As for that perennial question—"Don't you get out of touch?"—the answer depends on the nature of your work. Obviously, anyone who defines "in touch" as proximity to the Pan Am Building shouldn't get too far away.

Much the same answer applies to the management of money. Prices are not lower in the country; if anything, they run a bit higher, and there's a

(*Continued on page* 64)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Journalists Become PR Men

by NORMAN HILL

Last year an *SR* communications editorial commented on new statistics showing that the percentage of journalism graduates entering public relations jobs had tripled in the past five years. The same editorial reported that "newspapermen of quality and excellence have in recent years found themselves distressingly vulnerable to the disappearing paper, the suddenly merging paper, the foundering paper."

An inevitable result of the past decade's contraction in the newspaper business has been the movement into public relations of career journalists, impelled by better pay or the need for a job when papers folded. Most newspapermen, especially those who have worked in the field for a number of years, develop attitudes of distrust or hostility toward pr work. They also acquire strong feelings of pride as working newspapermen and a sense of status and public esteem. Nearly everybody respects and admires a newspaperman. Hardly anybody understands or sympathizes with a pr man's work and few admire him, least of all most working journalists.

How, then, does a veteran journalist adjust to pr? How does he deal with his long-smoldering prejudice against what he has perceived to be the commercial demands, the unprofessional practices, the unglamorous anonymity of pr work? How do his colleagues react?

That newspapermen generally share deep prejudices against the pr field and pr men was borne out unanimously in interviews with a number of former reporters, editors, and columnists who are now working as pr executives. Their news experience ranged from fifteen to thirty-six years, except for one who had written a daily by-lined advertising news column in New York for three years when he left the field. All had reached top writing or editorial positions at newspapers or wire services. Some were attracted to pr by job offers while they were employed. Some were forced out of their jobs by the demise of their newspapers and seized upon the best available opportunities.

Alfred R. Zipser, fifty-one, now Eastern public relations head for Xerox Corporation, has been in his job for nine years. He says unhesitatingly that during his twenty-one years as a newsman, eighteen of them as a *New York Times* financial writer, he was acknowledged among pr people to be the "most feared, most prejudiced" of newspapermen. ("Always chompin' on pr guys," says another former newsman.) Zipser explains that "for years I got all kinds of run-arounds. I would ask a pr man a direct question: 'Are sales up or down?' and get the company's pr policy read to me."

Zipser says he still feels that "a substantial number of pr men don't know what they are doing." He finds "appalling and incredible the ignorance of pr men" about press relations, deadlines, and newspaper requirements. He deplores pr men's "amazement when their copy is changed by the paper" and protests the practice by many of "requesting of respectable publications the right to review, and even change, stories before publication," not just for accuracy but to alter the sense. While Zipser says the intensity of his prejudice has been "mitigated by 50 per cent" since he left the *Times* ("I have changed quite a bit, obviously"), he still feels that "there are a good number of pr men who don't know a goddamn about press relations. They downgrade press relations as very unimportant and oversell management on other functions such as counseling on corporate image."

Zipser recalled two incidents that illuminate the general attitude of newsmen. Before leaving the *Times*, he had been invited to a party at the home of a colleague at the newspaper. When the host learned Zipser had accepted a pr job, he canceled the invitation. Another newspaperman commented on Zipser's move into pr work: "I would rather you had decided to hand out towels in a Hackensack whorehouse."

John N. Fallon left United Press International last January after twenty-two years as a writer, radio bureau manager, cables editor, Southwestern division news manager, and finally foreign editor, to join the New York Telephone Company as a pr assistant vice president. He remembers having had "a sort of resentment toward pr work. I think this is a fairly common feeling."

Fallon hastens to explain that he is "not talking about corporate pr. I'm talking about the drumbeater type, trying to bamboozle you." He points to "the silly things they do, like mail a release to you two days after the event, inundate you with paper." Echoing Al Zipser, Fallon complains that

"It started out as a suicide note. Then I corrected the spelling of a few words; rearranged a sentence or two; became interested in the style; developed plot lines and added suspense; inserted a few flashbacks to my miserable childhood and, of course, many bedroom episodes from my formative and adult years. Never once did I dream I would wind up talking to you about subsidiary rights."

NORMAN HILL is former director of public relations of the McCall Corporation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"largely these guys don't know what they're doing. I didn't want to deal with these people," he recalls. "I always felt they were trying to put something over, just to get something on the wires." But some corporate pr men, "certain great exceptions," were quite a different matter. "People like the airlines pr people or pr guys for big corporations. Very helpful. Knew what you wanted and got it for you."

Thus, Fallon explains, he was able to decide to move into pr for the telephone company because "I wasn't getting into something that was going to be a bamboozle-type job. It was a big outfit with big responsibilities, big problems. Here we're not trying to make up a lot of stories about things. We *are* a story."

Another leading newsman who moved into pr work for the New York Telephone Company is Cortland Anderson, assistant vice president, pr, for the company's huge Brooklyn-Long Island division. Anderson started in newspaper work at the age of fourteen. His career as a reporter and editor spanned twenty years, the last three as founding editor of the Cowles family's ill-fated *Suffolk Sun* ("I was its editor from start to finish"), and included three years as managing editor of the St. Petersburg, Florida, *Times*. He turned to pr last December, after the *Sun* folded.

Anderson describes friends' reactions when he took the job as "surprise, bewilderment." He says he had to overcome a "deep reluctance" to move into pr. "I had a cynicism about pr. Once, at the age of twenty-six, as a brand new managing editor, I told a man, 'You're nothing but a pr man.' That's the attitude of many newsmen. You're on a white horse, protecting the interest of the public." He cites editorial caution as a reason. "Distrust of any news source is healthy in the news business. You ought to challenge a pr man in any field. A reporter has to determine whether he's telling the truth or trying to cover up."

George Auerbach, forty-six, a leading executive in the pr agency field, confirms the newsman's instinctive wariness of pr sources. Now executive vice president of Wyle Associates in New York, Auerbach worked for *The New York Times* for fifteen years, mostly in financial news. He remembers being "skeptical of pr men. I questioned whether they really had the confidence of the client. Or were they just out to make the client look good?"

He justifies such skepticism, saying "a reporter should get to the news source," generally a top company official. But a company head "frequently turns green, white, and yellow when he hears the newspapers are calling to talk to him. As his pr representative, I'll find out the area for discussion and help prepare him."

Henry J. Bechtold, forty-one, left UPI nine years ago to become a pr man at RCA, where for the past three years he has been director of news and information. During his fifteen-year career at UPI, Bechtold rose to financial editor. He had considerable dealings with pr people, got "hundreds of news releases every day," and remembers his pr contacts in those days as "people like myself." However, he does want it noted that "pr is not running around with releases, like a press agent—pushing, pushing, pushing. We suggest stories, and keep the press posted on a continuous basis on what we're doing."

Robert Morgan, former advertising news columnist, now a partner in his own pr agency, Davis and Morgan, says candidly, "Certain of the pr men I dealt with were idiots, but the majority were a great help. God help us if we didn't have them to help us as newsmen. I'd hate to have to write a daily column and depend on getting to the top management of companies to get all my information." Morgan, thirty-nine, wrote his column in the New York *World Telegram & Sun* for three years before turning to pr in 1959. He contends that newsmen have an edge as pr converts. They have a better understanding of what editors do and do not want and know how to find a proper news peg to interest an editor. They stumble less in presenting a story to an editor."

When the New York *World-Journal-Tribune* folded in 1967, Charles Sievert found himself out of a job after thirty-six years with the organization. He moved through a series of freelance pr assignments before joining the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, where he is Eastern pr representative for the Buick division of General Motors. He remembers that at first he "felt like a fish out of water. A lot of newspapermen used to call pr guys pimps, flacks, the usual jargon."

Sievert now declares that pr is "just common sense and good taste, not like being a press agent for a politician, where you really learn how dirty you can get. Some guys who can't get along in the newspaper business make good pr men. A lot of pr guys for celebrities can't write English. At the paper we had all the pr men indexed. One phony thing and we never opened their mail again."

Another *World-Journal-Tribune* veteran set adrift in 1967 was Joseph Kaselow, who had been an ad news columnist with the *Herald Tribune* for many years. Kaselow, now pr director of Cunningham & Walsh, reports that, while he was "somewhat surprised" to find himself in pr work, he was "not at all uneasy. I was working with the same guys as when I did my column. And I report to the top man at the agency, which helps."

Most converted journalists felt that the switch from news writing to public relations writing presented no great problem. Some claimed that there was objectivity in their current work; others pointed a finger at what they termed lack of objectivity in news writing. A few said pr writing was, by necessity, biased.

Fallon contended "this theory of objectivity is belabored. Just how objective do you find the press today, or the average reporter? They all pay lip service to objectivity. But the reporter injects himself into every story.

"If you mean objectivity in the sense of the telephone company, what can we say after we say we're sorry?

"When we put out our release on the Public Service Commission's interim approval of our rate rise we included, in the fourth paragraph, reference to their tying the approval to improved telephone service. We can't hide under a mattress. In telling a company story I don't think you bury anything or hide anything. Sure there probably are some corporate things better left unsaid, because the inner workings are not necessarily public knowledge."

Fallon says that "newspaper correspondents sometimes overdo things. They tend to try to snow the editor in their zeal to produce a story. You find the same thing here. An individual, in his zeal to tell you how he's breaking his back to get the job done, may present it in a distorted way.

"The element of distortion that af-

WIT TWISTER #168

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Although the _ _ _ _ _ _ _
fought defection,
Rebels planned controlled disorder,
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ calls to insurrection,
Blew up _ _ _ _ _ _ _ at the border.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 62)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fected you in the news business carries over to public relations. It's something you have to guard against here as much as you had to there. Certain rules remain constant for both sides of the fence."

Bechtold says flatly, "Yes, the writing is slanted. But we never lie. We just present the facts." He cited the example of RCA's recent news release on its first quarter operations, which reported that the company's earnings "declined from last year's record levels," and, in the second paragraph, specified the drop as 36 per cent. *The New York Times* used the word "declined" in its story, but the *Wall Street Journal* said earnings had "plunged" 36 per cent. "If I were at UPI and got this release, I might have written 'plunged,'" said Bechtold.

In preparing a release, Bechtold says, the writer picks out what he thinks is the lead. But he sometimes "loses out" to his own management. "We start out writing as we see it. But we have bosses. Everybody has a pencil. Everybody is an editor. Sometimes they make changes. You can argue, but don't fight. In pr," he comments, "you can never have pride of authorship. You lose it fast. Some people never lose it, but they don't go far."

Anderson admits he "had to rationalize stepping across the river. In newspaper writing you're supposed to be objective. It's difficult to do, whether because of people or prejudices. In pr, in a company in whose policies you believe, you're subjective — and it's easier to get 100 per cent subjective than 100 per cent objective."

Zipser said he experienced "all kinds of problems adjusting to the change in writing" during his first two years in pr, though he couldn't recall any specifically. He has now "become reconciled to changes in copy being made by management." If he thinks the revised version would be offensive to media, he protests, and "I win most of the time."

Sievert says that, while "I'm now writing it from Buick's point of view, I can't exaggerate. The engineers and lawyers must approve. After a while you get rapport with the home office and get to know what's acceptable to the client."

Auerbach contends pr writing is "not that much different. You cannot bury anything. Bad news is going to come out if it's there."

Kaselow points to "one big difference" between news and pr writing: "Before you go shooting off in any direction on a story you have to make certain it won't embarrass the client or the agency." This caution, he said, "came naturally" to him.

Morgan feels that "publicity can't be completely objective. As a journalist, I'd expect the pr man to be honest—but not in a release on a new product. My responsibility as a newsman was to take that release and find out the complete background and, if I saw anything that disagreed, to include it in my story. A smart journalist will see through dishonesty."

What about that classic trauma for a pr man—being asked by the boss or a client to "kill" a story?

"Nobody has asked me to kill anything since I've been here," says Fallon. "A couple of pr guys tried it on me in the past. But never anybody in a big outfit, in a responsible position. Nobody here has ever asked me to do that; you know, get 'em drunk in a bar and head 'em off at the pass." What if someone did ask him to kill a story? "I think I'd tell 'em to go—" He stops, then says, "We'd thrash it out. And I know I would be fully backed by my boss."

Says Anderson: "You can't tell a guy how to write a story. After he has all the facts, if he wants to burn you that's fine."

Looking back across the gulf at the newspaper business they left, some of the pr men have begun to question the objectivity and the basic competence of reporters. Fallon, having gotten his pr baptism of fire in the telephone industry, had some complaints about the press. "Sometimes it curls my hair to hear some of the requests that are made. I wonder what kind of people we're getting in the news business nowadays," he said, then laughed as he realized he'd been sounding off like a veteran pr man. "Some of them are way out—oddball."

He recalled one enthusiastic writer who had "a great idea he was all steamed up about. He wanted to listen in on the operators' conversations at night; somebody's lonesome, or drunk, and picks up the phone and tries to talk to the operator, ask for help. An interesting idea. Just one thing wrong with it. It's against the law.

"I've had a chance to do a little judging from being on the inside of a story rather than on the outside, and I wonder why there is such repetition in the press," Fallon said. "Somebody has a story, and eight other guys want to do the same thing, rather than try a new approach. I just keep wishing somebody'd come up with an original idea."

Anderson says, "I sometimes get the feeling—and I had it as an editor—that reporters, and indeed their editors, come into a story with a point of view and try to get us, the news source, to substantiate their point of view."

Zipser states that "some newspapermen don't know enough about business and should learn." Bechtold thinks that newsmen who've been working "quite a while" do understand business. At the *Wall Street Journal*, for example, "they don't let anything slip by." But in places where they change personnel a lot, such as at the wire services, where they get a steady turnover of new people and "youngsters come up, they overlook important things or pick out things that are meaningless and try to make something out of it."

Morgan regrets "how little I knew about the business I was writing about, until I got into it." He suggests that more newsmen should "make the effort to learn about a business from

"You'll love kindergarten, darling. It's just like your group therapy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other side before writing about it."

There were a few complaints of company red tape slowing down the fact-gathering process. RCA's Bechtold reported little "sense of urgency" in getting data from the various departments of his company. "Sarnoff himself has to approve many things. Approval slows everything down. It's helpful and protective in the long run, of course, but it's hard getting used to. Younger reporters especially get impatient with us. They can't understand why we just can't say whether or not we think Nixon is good for our business without getting management approval for the statement."

They learn to handle newsmen's prejudices now that they are at the receiving end. "I can sometimes sense a certain brusqueness by a reporter who wants some information and I am sort of his servant," Fallon says, "and I laugh because I know exactly what the guy is thinking."

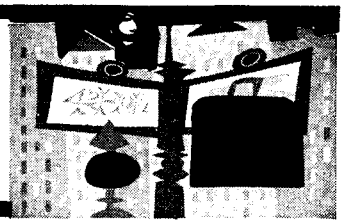
Auerbach's response to a hostile reporter is "be frank and talk honestly." He follows one iron rule: "I never bring up that 'I was once a newspaperman myself.' That puts in his mind that the next thing I'm going to do is try to tell him how to write his story."

Zipser also occasionally senses a reporter's hostility. "If it's overwhelming, I take the man to lunch and ask him what's griping him." Sievert concurs: "Buy him a drink and tell him the score."

Clearly many former journalists never lose their reporter's instincts. All of the men interviewed confessed in one way or another that they missed the old days, and never have become completely reconciled to the anonymity.

Fallon looks forward eagerly to the day when he'll have more time to search out colorful feature stories in his company: "how they teach linemen to climb up a pole and get 'em to play basketball up there at the top." And he's discovered that his company still has a blacksmith—"the last one in the Bell System." That sense of smoking out a story never leaves. "I look at a story in the paper," says Fallon, "and see an angle I think they ought to develop, something they ought to go after. Whenever I read a big news story blowing up, I hear the fire bells."

Madison Avenue



The Name of the Game

What do you suppose Magic Moment, King Vitaman, Elephant, and Born Free have in common? They could be a soap opera, a super-sized vitamin tablet, a zoo, and a rallying cry for a militant movement—in that order. In the packaged goods business, however, they are all new products. Magic Moment happens to be a woman's hair coloring sold by Gillette's Toni division; King Vitaman is Quaker Oats' new children's cereal, slated for distribution this month; Elephant is a malt liquor (beer) import from the Copenhagen-based Carlsberg Brewery; and Born Free is Alberto-Culver's new shampoo on sale for the first time this spring.

That marketing managers have stretched their minds to crank out these product names illustrates one of the most vexing problems in business today. The name search, contends Gillette's executive vice president William Salatich, is "one king-sized headache. It [finding suitable names] can drive you right out of your mind."

The name game also is driving an increasing number of firms to the U.S. Patent Office in Washington, applying and registering brand names in record numbers. An all-time high of 32,631 applications for names were processed last year, compared with 28,294 in 1968.

In the U.S. Patent Office today, there are already more than 400,000 brand names registered, a total swelling annually by 20,000 plus. About 22,000 names were registered in 1969, reported the U.S. Trademark Association.

These figures, though, hardly tell the story—and the plight of marketers. Product proliferation and a much shorter life cycle of packaged goods are forcing many companies to play the naming game much harder. Conceiving the right word is enough of a chore, but the real problems may follow in registering it and fighting off challenges from other marketers with similar product names.

Finally, protecting the brand name from becoming a generic term can be a traumatic experience for even the most sophisticated marketer. What names have fallen into the generic class? Shredded wheat, scotch tape, frigidaire, lanolin, cellophane, nylon, aspirin, mimeograph, linoleum, escalator, thermos, and kerosene—these are only a few of the more popular words, for which advertising created an overawareness and usage. Today you might have a difficult time identifying the company behind each of these now generic terms. If you can name even five of the twelve listed above, you're a wonder.

Many a marketer would welcome a problem in guarding a brand name. You're lucky if you have a name—a suitable name—at all. Almost all of the possible name choices are exhausted in some product categories, such as in toiletries, detergents, and cosmetics, where everything, it seems, has a "competitive" touch of magic. Consider some of these "magic" brands (distributed by a number of companies): Hidden Magic, Holiday Magic, Deep Magic, Sudden Magic, Soft Magic, Blue Magic, Magic Boy, Magic Genie, Magic Flash, and Magic Moment.

Even with all the brainstorming, marketing research, and computers (which grind out scores of possible word combinations), names are harder to come by. "You either get instantly lucky or it's a long, tough job," explains Peter Frantz, executive vice president of Kenyon & Eckhardt, an agency man who has been involved in a number of name searches. He figures that the odds are at least 200 to 1 against finding the right name immediately.

Companies sometimes encounter so much difficulty in tagging a new product that they use the item's code name or a variation of it.

When Alberto-Culver was ready to introduce its feminine deodorant spray a couple of years ago, the toiletries firm couldn't seem to find the right name for it. "We then decided on FD1—its code name," confides George Polk, Alberto's group vice president. "But, on second thought, we felt FD1 didn't sound as well as FDS." Although it became FDS (and a subsequent top seller in its category), Alberto still had to clear another obstacle. It was discovered that there were FDS branded items sold by Federated Department Stores, the big department store chain. Following some legal negotiations, plus a small monetary sum given to Federated, FDS made its debut. By using the code name, "we saved a great deal of search time," Polk feels.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although very few firms will admit it, a product's name often has no meaning. R. J. Reynolds' recently introduced Doral cigarettes is a typical example —and the tobacco company doesn't mind saying so. While Reynolds research showed that, even though people didn't associate Doral with anything particular, they thought it sounded like a good name for a cigarette that promised good taste. That was enough for RJR. (Perhaps the respondents were influenced by vacations or "business meetings" at Doral Beach, the Doral Country Club or Hotel, all pleasure resort experiences.)

You, of course, can't second guess the name makers at Reynolds. They were shrewd enough to introduce cigarettes bearing the names Winston and Salem, a tribute to the company's headquarters city of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and to promote them into two of the nation's four top-selling brands.

When a company is going stale on names for new products, it might tack the word "plus" on newer items to capitalize on established product names, or to convince consumers they are getting something more for their money. There are more than a few recent entries in this area: Miles Laboratories' Alka-Seltzer Plus cold tablets; Gillette's Platinum Plus blades; Clairol's Kindness Plus; General Foods' Orange Plus, a frozen imitation orange juice; Pet Inc.'s Instant Breakfast Plus; Ralston-Purina's Flavor Plus dog food; and Murray Allen Imports' Mentho Plus cough drops.

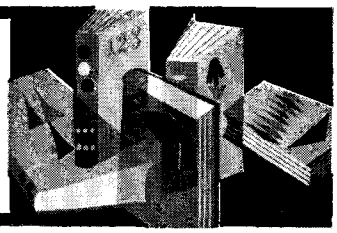
Marketers, of course, are not limited to single word names. Bernard Gross, vice president and general manager of Helene Curtis's Products Division, believes that double and even triple names will help solve the problem of a suitable brand name. A few examples: Ovaltine's Screaming Yellow Zonkers, a new snack food; Helene Curtis's Tender Touch (a bath oil); and Menley & James's new cosmetic Love's A Little Color.

The name quest will never end as long as there are new products. And you can bet there will be new products as long as companies stay in business. What are the ingredients of any successful product? A few of them: quality of the product, distribution, packaging, advertising, and the social mood of consumers.

The name, like the product itself, has a built-in obsolescence. It will become so popular as to become generic, or it will follow the life cycle in weeks, months, or years. It will finally disappear to be replaced by another "lighted bulb" idea whose time has come.

—GEORGE LAZARUS

Books in Communications



Fall of the Curtis Empire

Four years before the actual event, Otto Friedrich, the last managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, had a premonition that the end would soon come. He began keeping a day-by-day record of office events and conversations, maintaining a close watch over the succession of would-be saviors of the Curtis Publishing Company, from Matthew J. Culligan to Martin S. Ackerman, until the delayed end finally came before the inevitable television cameras on January 10, 1969. Friedrich's reportorial discipline and shrewd appraisals of human motive, as the walls cracked and the foundations crumbled, give his account of the *Post*'s last years, *Decline and Fall* (Harper & Row, $10), the shock and fascination of conspiracy surprised.

There are secret cabals of editors and executive-floor plots as the struggle for control of Curtis ebbs and flows. With the Gibbonesque sense of consequence suggested by his title, Friedrich, however, goes beyond dramatic incident to analyze executive error, outsize ambition, and the ultimate inadequacies, he believes, of capitalism's highest expression, the modern corporation. In fact, Friedrich succeeds on so many levels in this detailed and fascinating work (handsomely produced by his publisher) that it is hard to know where praise should begin.

He knew the principals in their prime. He learned to unravel intricacies of corporate finance for the purposes of his record, and all the time he kept editing a good magazine whose survival was his passionate purpose. Was the downfall of the *Post* preordained? Or could proper management have preserved this "part of our national past"? Friedrich believes the *Post* could have been saved under any one of its last three editors—William Emerson, Clay Blair, Jr., or Robert Sherrod—but that "no amount of editorial genius cauld have made up for the failings of the various rulers of the Curtis Publishing Company."

It was, at least partially, a fatal imbalance in the interrelationships of the various components of the empire—the other magazines, the giant Curtis-owned printing presses, paper mills, and so forth—and not any lack in the editorial vitality, or viability, of the *Post* that led to the crashing downfall. No man is condemned utterly in Friedrich's fair account, not even the last of the emperors, the improbable Martin Ackerman. By the same token, there are no real heroes, not even Emerson, the *Post*'s "large, noisy, paradoxical, funny, and altogether overwhelming" last editor.

The dry rot of management at Curtis was far advanced. The vacuum of

"He's the seventeenth Earl of Wexford. The other sixteen were just as bad."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leadership devoured a succession of "aggressive bargainers." Culligan one-sidedly relied on the skill of his exuberant salesmanship. Clay Blair rose noisily out of the editorial chair to challenge Culligan for mastery of all of Curtis, bringing down both himself and Culligan, and giving way to the tight, unimaginative, cost-accountant's reign of J. M. Clifford, the former NBC executive Culligan brought in to slash payroll.

Then in walked Martin S. Ackerman, thirty-six years old and "very rich." Despite the boastfulness, despite the hopelessly naïve belief that the sickness of Curtis could be healed by a maneuvering millionaire merger specialist, Ackerman comes across in the final third of Friedrich's history as a not altogether unlikable medicine man. Using as a base his Perfect Film & Chemical Corporation, Ackerman poured millions into Curtis, only to become doubly dismayed at the loss of the money when he found nobody seemed to care.

"It's insane," Ackerman is quoted as saying. "Every business I look into, every different kind of business, I find everyone doing one-tenth of the work that people do in publishing and making ten times the profits. So what are we all doing here?"

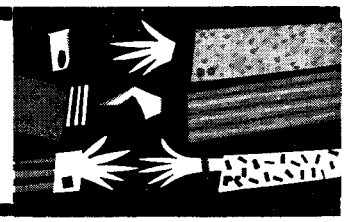
Friedrich himself stands at the center of his story, observer and participant, partisan and bystander by turns. He is aware of his own limitations, as he so clearly identifies the faults in those taking the larger roles in the drama, but he is proud of his editorial function. This monumental story, which has something of meaning for all of us, reflects high credit on his faithfulness to his profession.

The Ackerman Part: After *Decline and Fall,* Martin S. Ackerman's own slim account in *The Curtis Affair* (Nash, $5.95) comes as a kind of appendix but an important one. He has set down a very lawyer-like record of his somewhat chaotic ten-month connection with Curtis, leaving out all the personality detail that so enriches Friedrich's account. In its place Ackerman delves into such matters as the "understated liability of unfulfilled subscriptions" and in doing so provides a kind of education into the more occult practices of magazine publication. The author does not reveal himself, but he does assert his mastery of complex financial dealing, which by itself, unfortunately, did not manage to add anything of permanent worth to the life of the Curtis Publishing Company.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 58: despot, Posted, depots.

Public Relations



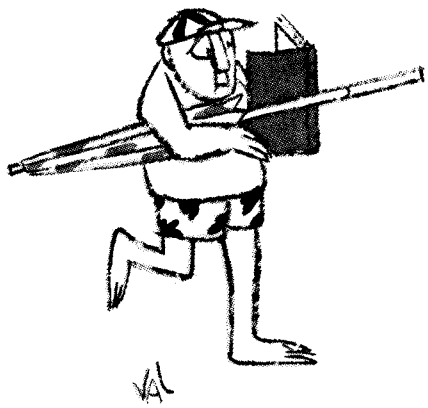
Playing the Patsy

It has never been easy to be a press officer for a major corporation, caught between the demands of management and the needs of media. Now changes taking place in newspapers, as they compete with radio and television, bring new headaches to those responsible for getting the business story across through the press.

Major newspapers are fewer. The daily news budget, with world, national, and feature stories taking precedence, leaves only a small hole for business news. Higher costs of producing newspapers and the resulting need for greater allocation of space to advertising compound the difficulties for the press officer. In monopoly cities newspapers can miss what used to be considered important stories, for with no direct competition fear of being beaten by a rival has almost disappeared.

There is an additional problem: The reporter who puts his personal ideology ahead of telling the whole story has played hob with balanced reporting. This new breed of journalist, more interested in grinding the ax of his own prejudices than reporting objectively, has complicated the life of his managing editor as it has of the press relations representative.

So it is no surprise that the press contact member of a corporate public relations staff treats the beat reporter with tender loving care. It also makes him fearful of asking for correction of inaccuracies in stories, even though they may give a totally wrong impression. This refusal of public relations practitioners to point out errors has reached the stage where they are even critical of their colleagues who complain to reporters about mistakes or, horror of horrors, speak publicly of biased or incomplete news coverage.



Two cases illustrate how some public relations executives react to their fellows who are critical of the press. One instance involves Edward J. Gerrity, senior vice president of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, and the other Kerryn King, vice president of Texaco. The Gerrity case evolved at the time ITT was discussing a merger with ABC. There was a good deal of press speculation at the time, some of which Gerrity and his staff believed was shot through with error. ITT's public relations men telephoned or visited reporters to point out what they thought were mistakes in fact or in interpretation. One of the reporters accused ITT's men of harassment.

During Federal Communications Commission hearings on the merger, ITT's complaints to *The New York Times,* Associated Press, and United Press International were examined. The AP and UPI men said that ITT complained about mistakes and that they were corrected. *The New York Times* reporter's testimony was in disagreement with the memory of ITT's public relations staffers. The critics inside the public relations business were strong and bitter because ITT dared to complain to the wire services and the newspaper.

The King case happened last fall. Texaco's vice president, in a speech to the Texas Public Relations Association at Dallas, dealt with what he called the New Communications Gap. He pointed out that in some cases the business story was not getting across via the press and that public relations professionals would have to find new means of reaching the public, including more extensive use of public relations advertising. King also criticized press coverage of Senate hearings on the oil industry as lacking adequate treatment of business's witnesses. He attacked specifically *The New York Times,* the *Wall Street Journal,* and the *Washington Post.* He also criticized *Life* magazine for a five-page layout on the Santa Barbara oil spill and spelled out his objections in detail.

To put it mildly, the roof fell in on

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King. He was widely condemned. How dare he, said public relations men, take on three leading newspapers and an important magazine? Fine public relations man! His job, they said, was to be friends with the press, to speak softly, not to antagonize, for if other public relations professionals imitated King the papers would not carry any favorable news about business.

The opposition within the public relations community to Gerrity and King shows that there is a good deal wrong with many who call themselves public relations professionals. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, that they are special advocates, hired and well paid, to protect the interest of their employer, be it a corporation or a nonprofit institution. To be afraid to go to the mat and complain about slanted stories that do not fairly represent the clients' or employers' best interests is to prove unfit to hold such a job.

The press relations officer has an obligation to the press. It is to tell media the facts, not to mislead them; to provide them with all the answers he can get from management. But this function does not extend to currying the favor of reporters at the expense of those they are paid to represent. As long as the public relations department representative identifies himself properly and does not misinform, he has not only the right but the obligation to protest error, correct misrepresentation, be it a result of ignorance or of bias.

A reporter or editor does not have to agree with the complaints. If he is good at his job, if he isn't one of the new breed who is using his post to further his own biases, he will welcome corrections. He knows he can make a mistake and, if he has, it is his obligation to correct it.

Lest it be thought that this is a misrepresentation of what a good newspaperman feels, read what A. M. Rosenthal, managing editor of *The New York Times*, has to say on the general subject of criticism of the press by public relations practitioners: "Public relations men, like all others, have a perfect right, an obligation, to correct any errors or mistakes in the press or on radio or television. It is a poor public relations man who doesn't do so. Public relations people are valuable to us for the information and leads to stories they provide. Good reporters and editors don't expect the public relations man to roll over and die or play the patsy."

And, not so incidentally, ITT's and Texaco's press relations have not been hurt one whit by the Gerrity and King criticisms.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN

Communications Letters

Continued from page 52

intelligence, integrity, concern for others, gentleness, goodness, and respect that make life worth living? A better sense of man—his innate worth and his unlimited potential for good activity—is requisite for a better world. Why can't TV help build this better world and benefit rather than undermine society?

Let's break with the TV format of the past—the mediocrity and inanity as well as the glorification of crime. Let's stress the "vision" in television. Admittedly, it is harder to create and construct vibrant and exciting programs than to repeat the clichés, but think of TV's wonderful possibilities. The challenge is immediate, and the reward is worth working for.

NANCY GRUBER,
New York, N.Y.

Echoes on Sesame Street

VERY MUCH enjoyed Stuart W. Little's article "From A to Z on Sesame Street" [*SR*, May 9]. We bought a TV set just before Christmas, and all we had heard of *Sesame Street* contributed heavily to our becoming TV owners. The program did not disappoint us. The other evening my husband and I noticed that the little ones (aged four and six) had not gone outside to play but were still sitting there watching *Sesame Street*. My question is, if six million children watch the program, has anyone done a survey on the number of adults who are addicted?

PHYLLIS S. WILSON,
Denver, Colo.

STUART LITTLE's article prompts me for the third time to try to communicate what I suspect is a significant need regarding public access to *Sesame Street* and educational TV in general throughout the U.S.

Recently, the state of Mississippi acted to deny *Sesame Street* to its children for reasons of bigotry. Less dramatic but nevertheless significant is the denial of this program series to perhaps millions of other children for other reasons.

For example, around and even in Los Angeles, KCET, which is supposed to be Southern California's educational television station, cannot be seen by thousands of households because of a technical oversight that neither the FCC nor anyone at KCET has moved to correct. KCET operates on Channel 28, a UHF channel. UHF television signals neither carry as far nor bend around obstacles as well as VHF signals (Channels 2 to 13). Unfortunately, the VHF channels seem to be reserved for the exclusive use of commercial stations in this area, without regard to their actual coverage needs. Consequently, the *regional* ETV station has been given a back seat, in terms of viewer potential, to all twelve *local* commercial stations.

Elsewhere, lack of public awareness, combined with the unwillingness of government to allocate sufficient funds to maximize the public's already considerable investment in public broadcasting, undoubtedly denies ETV's benefits to many.

Even stopgap attempts to obtain tapes of *Sesame Street* for rebroadcast on willing commercial television stations seem to be snarled in red tape, planning failures, and a generally diffident attitude on the part of the Office of Education, which helped and continues to fund *Sesame Street*.

The investment in *Sesame Street* will continue to be at least partially wasted until steps are taken to allow it to reach all of its target audience.

The promise of public broadcasting will never be fulfilled until it is accessible by individual choice to everyone who has access to a television set.

ALBERT A. MELKONIAN,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

ONE CANNOT say enough good things about *Sesame Street*. The children (ages seven to thirteen) in my educable retarded class rock our room as they shout the pulsating numbers and practically roar when the baker inevitably falls down with his pies. What a delight to hear an eleven-year-old "hard-to-reach" boy say he will watch the show again when he gets home.

Among a multitude of reasons for the program's success is the fact that both black and white children can identify with their friends on *Sesame Street*. A commission in Mississippi has banned *Sesame Street* on a state-wide level, because of the racially integrated aspect of the show. My first reaction to this was one of disbelief and anger. But now I cannot stop thinking what a pity it is that the children of Mississippi, of all colors, abilities, and ages cannot happily view *Sesame Street* and profit from it educationally and socially. Today's black and white children could live together as adults as naturally as the people on *Sesame Street*. But you have to wonder if there's any hope at all when a bigoted commission has intentionally further deprived many disadvantaged children.

NANCY DUGGAN,
Gainesville, Fla.

Two Good Papers Left Out

IN JOHN TEBBEL's informative article "The Stories the Newspapers *Do* Cover" [*SR*, Apr. 11], he rightly left out the New York and Washington newspapers, but he missed the Baltimore *Sun* and the Miami *Herald*, two established newspapers with tremendous reader interests. The *Sun*'s Action Line (following after the *Herald*'s Direct Line) gets down deep in the interests of readers with similar problems; analysis will show they do represent a true cross section of their readers' thoughts.

For instance, the Miami *Herald* recently carried a listing of *advertised* detergents and their phosphate contents. This could be copied by every newspaper in the country. A few days ago, the paper carried a by-line from its own correspondent in the Bahamas pinpointing the pollution in their waters.

Newspapers are necessary. Good ones, I mean.

MILTON STARK,
Baltimore, Md.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Okay, Thoreau

Continued from page 56

limit on shopping around. Local produce—fish, shrimp, clams, lobsters, corn, and potatoes in our area—do come lower and better, but only in their seasons. *Costs* can be lower, because life is a little more flexible. One is not forced into as many expensive patterns; less money is spent buying time, space, and convenience; fewer dollars are wasted on stopgaps and can't-waits, on second-rate transportation and third-rate services. We cut our own spending by the simple expedient of cutting our income; there's only so much, and after that anyone's welcome to try squeezing the turnip. Very few creditors do. You'll pay when you can, people know that.

One exception—and one unsolved problem—is the relentless pressure of taxes and insurance premiums. You can "gear down" in many areas, saving, substituting, postponing, but the big bills march in like storm troopers, irreducible, often wiping out in one stroke the careful economies of an entire month. A major slice of our reduced income goes into these two items; for one panicky, six-week period, in fact, they soaked up every incoming penny, and we were close to stewing the front lawn. The IRS, for example, now imposes penalties because we can no longer afford to pay taxes on money we have not yet earned. Any suspicion of independence, in fact, arouses the hostility of official agencies; the term "self-employed" suggests that somebody, someplace, is escaping surveillance. There's nothing you can do about it; the language of protest does not include the phrase "bureaucratic brutality." From this, we have drawn an axiom seldom mentioned during urban talk-ins: Our society may deplore conformity, but it demands compliance; it has an appropriate form to be filled out by people who do their own thing. This induces, at times, a paranoiac feeling that one is being clubbed back into the middle-class economic ghetto. As a piece of practical advice, we would urge anyone planning exurbanization to save, beg, borrow, print, or embezzle enough cash for a small, stand-by reserve. It may keep you from eating the daisies.

Beyond such practical hints, we evade questions if possible; too much depends on the individual position and the individual preference. There are no Utopias beyond the pavement, there are merely more people scratching for a living and wrestling with the problems of their own particular area. Up to this point—two years after the fact—we don't regret our own dive off the high board, but that's purely subjective; it might not apply to somebody else. The only individual we know who truly has it made is Cassius the Cat, and he dropped out several centuries ago.

On Human Survival

Continued from page 24

the youth of the world, especially, it is possible to sense a new allegiance of man to man inside the human family. Definitions of patriotism have been widened to include service to the world community.

Human sovereignty transcends national sovereignty.

Throughout history, national governments have acted as final judges on all questions in which they were involved beyond their own boundaries. This situation is no longer workable or tolerable. The almost total vulnerability of all peoples to sudden and overwhelming attack; the fact that the lethal effects of a nuclear war would extend far outside the nations directly involved; the increasing tendency of large nations to regard areas far from their own boundaries as vital to their security—all these factors are part of a new situation in which the world has become a single unit without a workable design for durable peace. . . .

The failure of nations to create or accept adequate world authority is manifest on many levels. It is manifest in the limitations of the World Court, which needs to be upgraded in its stature and functions. It is manifest in the unproductive effort to halt the menacing spiral of the world arms race. It is manifest in the absence of a United Nations role in the attempt to end the war in Vietnam. It is manifest in the inability of the United Nations to carry out a peaceful settlement in the Middle East. It is manifest in the international traffic of arms.

If the human race is to survive, the human interest must be placed above the national interest. The natural and essential agency for advancing the human interest is the United Nations. . . .

The members of this conference come from different lands and cultures. They have had no difficulty, however, in recognizing the importance of the ties that connect them to a universal community. They see no contradiction between human pluralism and human unity.

LESTER B. PEARSON.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

CLUB, BUSINESS SPEECHES, papers by three published authors. Box T-849.

RESEARCH. Professionally done, efficient. Seneca Research, P.O. Box 74485, Los Angeles, 90004.

WRITER OFFERS sympathetic, creative/editorial services. No restrictions. M. Grosswirth, 344 West 72nd Street, NYC 10023. 212-724-7385.

RESEARCH—Literary, medical literature, genealogical, general, historical. Experienced. Ohio. Box W-371.

BOOKS

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

200,000 USED BOOKS for collectors, dealers, browsers. Westchester-Fairfield Bookhouse, 125 Main Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06901. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-4:30.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

UNUSUAL GUIDES: Government publications, French slang, claims adjusting, German boobytraps. Inquire! L'Aurea, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

IMAGINE! HARDBACK BOOKS at paperback prices! Save 60% to 90% on current fiction and popular nonfiction! Choose from 2,400 titles. No club to join. No minimum number of books to buy. No postage or handling charges. Books are available from Tartan at tremendous savings . . . and catalogues of current books are sent to you free. Each lists more than 2,400 best-sellers, mysteries, historical novels, science fiction, westerns and light romances. The Tartan catalogue is issued eight times a year. All books in guaranteed top condition. How can we do this? Simple—these books have had short-term library use. When returned to us, only those in excellent condition are made available to you at these huge reductions. Act now . . . Order your free Tartan Catalogue . . . today. Tartan Book Sales, Dept. A, P.O. Box SR-613, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701.

BEHOLD THE MAN—A richly rewarding book which explores . . . The real nature of God, Christ and man . . . The amazing likeness of The Lord and man . . . The true nature of life: body, soul and spirit . . . The fulfillment of this life . . . The bliss of immortality. $3.50. Order your copy of this timely book today! Dr. Charles Burke, P.O. Box 297, Raymondville, Texas 78580.

NEW YORK. New poems and stories. First issue includes Auden, Berrigan, Brautigan, Levertov, McClure, Merwin, Patchen, Wakoski, others. $4.00 for three issues. P.O. Box 392, Sarasota, Florida 33578.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

CINEMA, MOVIES. *Monthly Catalogue, 25¢.* Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

ART

CHAGALL, PICASSO, GOYA, et al! Thousands of original graphics from $10. FREE—100 selected examples from Catalogue. Full 100-page Catalogue $1. Ferdinand Roten Galleries, 123 West Mulberry Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022. Our 35th year.

ORIGINAL MARBLE SCULPTURING by Eino. Portfolio *50¢, refundable. 32926 Mulholland, Malibu, California* 90265.

"CONVERSATION WITH GOLDFINCHES"—Beautiful hand painted lithoprint 10" x 16". Limited edition, signed: Harold McIntosh, $42 pp. Hummingbird Gallery, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

RECORD MART

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, *The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC 10017.*

FREE 64-PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-SR, New York, New York 10023.

OPERATIC RECITALS of Twenties and Thirties from 78 rpm on LPs, imported from Austria. Ask for Preiser catalogue. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. Write SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

RENAISSANCE LUTES. Write Herbert Schmelzer, Rt 2, East Troy, Wisconsin 53120.

HAVE YOU EVER heard anyone say his piano was better than a Bechstein? Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. *Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut* 06069.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical woodwinds, brass, strings. Harps, dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bazoukees, bag pipes, classical guitars, harpsichords. Catalogue $1, refunded first purchase. Classical Instruments, 133 Gateway Building, New Orleans, *Louisiana 70130.*

NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS. Financing available. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

BURTON HARPSICHORD KIT—5 octaves (61 keys), Burton Jacks (patented), Spruce Soundboard. Write: Herbert Wm. Burton, 917 "O" Street, P.O. Box 222(S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68508.

BOUCHET CLASSIC GUITAR. Ramirez Flamenco Guitar. Treble, tenor and bass gambas. Hauser and other fine lutes. Noah Wulfe, 212-866-7418.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-60, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

A WORLD VIEW ABOUT ECOLOGY—Youth, ages 16-20, join in a dynamic living and learning experience at *the Summer Institutes of Nations, where foreign scholars* from Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East teach about the cultures of their peoples. Nonprofit, 9th year. Sessions in the redwoods, near San Francisco; Olympic Village-Squaw Valley; Avignon, France (for students and teachers). P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley, California 94701.

SCHOOLS

STONELEIGH-BURNHAM for girls. Excellent college preparatory record. Outstanding faculty. 250 boarding students in grades 9-12. Music, art, all sports. 101st year. International enrollment. Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill and Mary A. Burnham merged in 1968 and occupy 150-acre campus with new buildings in Greenfield. Accredited. Edward E. Emerson, Headmaster, Box S, Greenfield, Massachusetts 01301.

PIONEER YEARS (3rd) preparatory school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps, Salting Peace Corp approaches (study in Mexican village) into standard pedagogy. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth with advantageous scenery . . . all secondary to *warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire,* Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

STOCKBRIDGE SCHOOL—Accredited, coed college preparatory since 1949. Wide range of activities in the arts, drama, seminars, study abroad, etc. Write Registrar, RFD, West Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01266.

INTERNATIONAL QUAKERSCHOOL BEVERWEERD. Coed, boarding, grades 9-12. Strong college prep. International milieu instructive for American children. Small classes, creative electives. Founded 1934. Catalogue. The Headmaster, Werkhoven, 2765, Holland.

HORIZON'S EDGE—A Country Home School. A small warm, family-like setting for children 6-16. Sound academics imaginatively presented in small classes encourages successful individual accomplishment. Involvement of experienced adults, with concerned direction for *personal growth, helps each young person form values on* which to build a joyous, creative approach to life. Rich program of arts, crafts, and outdoor living. William Meeh, Headmaster, Canterbury, New Hampshire 03224.

ST. BERNARD'S. Founded 1900. Grades 7-12. Announcing the opening of a boarding department for boys, September, 1970. Fully accredited. Strong college preparatory record. Full athletic program. 120-acre campus near NYC and Philadelphia. Catalogue. Rev. Henry F. Tilghman, Headmaster, Gladstone, N.J. 07934. Tel: 201-234-1264.

DARROW SCHOOL — Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents, responsibility, freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

SCHOOLS

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY. Accredited, coed, college prep. Grades 9-12. Equal emphasis on arts and academics. Music, Art, Drama, Dance. A challenge for gifted children. Small classes. Distinguished resident and visiting faculty. Affiliated with National Music Camp. *Catalogue. Director of Admissions, Room 307, Interlochen* Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

IS YOUR TEENAGER IN PRISON? Write: The Valley Free School, Box 93, La Verne, California 91750.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — See "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

GET A RUNNING START on your college career. Five-week coed College Transition Program begins August 2nd. *Learning and orientation laboratories, three-credit Western* Civilization course, cultural trips, beautiful New England campus. Write: CTP, Leicester Junior College, Leicester, Massachusetts 01524.

MONTESSORI *Institute of Atlanta teacher training* course for teaching children 2½-7 now accepting applications for September 1970. Accreditation and diploma granted: Association Montessori Internationale. Write P.O. Box 12054, Atlanta, Georgia 30305.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711, Dept. SR.

REFUSE CROWDS, ANONYMITY. Enjoy Montana beauty. Write now for catalogue. ROCKY MOUNTAIN COLLEGE, Billings, Montana 59102.

ROYALTON COLLEGE—School of International Affairs. Four year program, International Relations. Emphasizing World Literature, Economics, and Politics. Interest, ability and willingness to work stressed more than past *performance.* Bachelor of Arts degree. For further information, Director of Admissions, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing *in difficult cases—college dropouts, transfers,* undergraduates, medical, graduate, law, dental. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

ENJOY SUMMER IN VERMONT in seminars and independent study. Mark Hopkins College, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

"MUSHROOM NIBBLES" ARE BACK! Refer your storekeeper to Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

PERSONALS

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

"METSOVAARA" FINNISH COTTONS, flowing designs. "Avoca" handwoven Irish tweeds, blankets. Etc. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

(Continued on page 66)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 65)

LESLIE SALOV, physician, philosopher, lecturer devoting full time to helping people to live creatively. Yoga, Meditation, Health Programs, Creative Philosophy, Arts and Crafts in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Write: 2308 Smith Avenue, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania 15001.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

CUSTOM BUMPER STICKERS 5/$1.00. Your artwork photo-reproduced. Black ink, fluorescent background. Mod-Graphics, Box 2673a, Van Nuys, California 91404.

ECCLESINE'S ADMONITION: "Eschew Obfuscation" plaque 4" x 8½", $1.50. Deluxe, $2.50. Grandiose, $5.00. *Bumper strip 2/$1.00; 6/$2.50. Letter-stickers* 100/$1.50; 200/$2.50; 500/$5.00. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

GEM STONES for jewelry from importer. Transworld, 565 5th Avenue, NYC.

RESEARCH. writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

POSTERS (over 200, many antiwar), buttons (over 200), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

WORLD'S LARGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE! First edition . . . giant card-table size . . . over 4,000 squares! Unique gift! Only $1.00 postpaid. BRAINY, Box 213-A, Chatsworth, California 91311.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

ADULT RESPONSIBILITY ANYONE? Use your own ideas, initiative and independence at Franconia. A liberal arts college for people who have what it takes to be in charge of their own education. Franconia College, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

HEX SIGNS—20 traceable designs, $1.00. Hexaway, 3 Burke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

LINDSAY '72—Bumper stickers 4/$1.00, buttons 5/$1.00. Drum, Box 609-S, Fairfield, Connecticut 06430.

EXCITING INSTANT SPANISH PROGRAM for home study. Actual conversation. Free lesson. Mayco, Dept. F-6, 257 Chloride Star, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

PERSONALS

EASY RIDER SHIRTS American Flag, Moratorium blue "V" hand sign, Harvard Strike red fist-black letters, Peace blue peace symbol. "T" shirts $2.50, Sweatshirts $3.50. Sizes Sm 34/36, Med 38/40, Lg 42/44. XLg 46. Prepaid. KAY 4, Box 6-SR, Glencoe, Illinois 60022.

"HOW MANY VIETNAMESE Fought in our Civil War?" or "Vietnam—Love it or Leave it." Poster $2.00. Bumper stickers 5/$1.00. Buttons 4/$1.00. Stamps 66/$1.00. International McClelland, Dept. SR, Beverly Hills, California.

HARPSICHORDS—same as played at White House. From $895 to $7,260. Write SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit; Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 6-0-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

NOTEWORTHY: "There will be: no peace without love/no love without understanding/no understanding without knowledge/no knowledge without work/no work without peace"—Kriensky's wisdom on twenty-five tasteful fold-and-seal letters, seals included. $2.40 to Proverbial Press, Box 1233S, Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

WORLD WILDLIFE ILLUSTRATED is a bimonthly periodical of Wildlife Education, Conservation, and Ecology, with full color illustrations, charts, diagrams, etc. $5.00/1 yr.; $9.00/2 yrs.; $13.00/3 yrs. Free color brochure. World Wildlife, Dept. S, West Concord, Massachusetts 01781.

CHALLENGING WORD-GAME! Appeals to all ages, all abilities. Even includes dictionary. "Dictionary, Please!" $9.75 postpaid. 1400 S.W. Ridgecrest, Lake Oswego, Oregon 97034.

OUTRAGEOUS THINGS by mail. Catalogue 25¢. Durgin, Box N 2065A, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College, in its 18th season. June 28th to August 23rd, 1970, is an opportunity for serious minded people to play chamber music, work in the visual arts, theatre and dance . . . a place to meet old friends and make new ones in the Vermont hills. For information write Phil Homes, Director, Box S, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

MANGOS—Aristocrat of tropical fruits, Persian Limes. Shipping now through August. Avocados from July 15th. Airport Fruit Shippers, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159. Free brochure.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, presidents, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, royalty, etc. bought and sold. Correspondences, collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 620 Bristol, Sommerville, Massachusetts 02144.

RELAXATION LP RECORDS help you physically, mentally and spiritually. Highly effective. Send $10 to Ashram, N. 1918 Stout, Spokane, Washington 99206.

THE MAYFLOWER sailed from Plymouth, England, in September, 1620, carrying the Pilgrim Fathers to the freedom of the New World. To commemorate the 350th anniversary of this event, the House of Bruford offers you hallmarked silver dishes showing the Mayflower in raised relief. Made by City of London craftsmen, these beautiful dishes will become valued heirlooms. 3"-$19; 3¾"-$23.50; 4¼"-$31.50; 4¾"-$37.50; 5¾"-$51; 6¾"-$66. Postage extra. Brufords, Exeter, England.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 28, would like to travel this summer. Box W-379.

FILM MAGAZINES — FILMMAKERS NEWSLETTER: Only national monthly magazine carrying complete information for filmmakers: techniques, equipment, festivals, screenings calendar, seminars, articles by and about filmmakers. $4.50. NEW CINEMA REVIEW: Companion magazine reviewing independent films. $4.00. Joint subscription, $8.00. Box 481A, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945.

PERSONALS

WFUNA UNITED NATIONS 25th Anniversary First Day Cover. To commemorate the 25th anniversary of the signing of the United Nations Charter in San Francisco, the United Nations is issuing, on June 26th, a set of three stamps plus a souvenir sheet on the theme, "Peace and Progress." To accompany this issue WFUNA offers a gold-embossed and blue first day cover specially designed and contributed by the noted French artist, Claude Bottiau. Covers can be postmarked both in New York and San Francisco June 26th. This cover, in size 6¾" only, will be on sale at the WFUNA sales counter, Lower Concourse, General Assembly Building, United Nations, New York, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. daily, June 8th through 26th. Blank covers are 25¢ each or 5 for $1.00—include 6¢ postage for every 5 covers. For order forms and serviced covers, and further information, please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to the World Federation of United Nations Associations, Room C-104, United Nations, New York, N.Y. 10017. Proceeds support the Federation's educational work on the United Nations.

LISTS OF GRANTS To American Writers, a comprehensive listing of grants, awards, prizes and fellowships for American writers for use in the U.S. and abroad. 69 pages, $2.00. Available form P.E.N. American Center, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

COLOR CYBERNETICS: Can you communicate emotions through color? Find out. Creative, new color game. Rules, colored pens, game cards, etc. $6.95 postpaid. The Color Factory, Seven 28th Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ART HISTORIAN. Master's New York University, seeks college, prep, teaching position or gallery job; greater New York area. Call 212-868-9149.

GENERAL FACTOTUM? Oxford undergraduate. Educated Harrow. Available end of June. Box W-372.

HUMANIST—Lively, intelligent female, unique abilities, five years' university teaching, desires European employment. Box W-378.

YOUNG ACTOR, scintillating, perplexing, versatile, seeks theatrical position. Box W-376.

BOSTON, work with humans, preferably 14-22; any capacity; political liberal, educational radical. Ph.D. candidate political science; varied experience. Married, female, 35. Box W-388.

MAN OF THE WORLD requires challenging public relations assignments. Traveled, sincere, honest, single. Available fee basis, expenses. Box W-377.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SATURDAY REVIEW L.A. OFFICE has opening for secretary with advertising background. Call Fred Beck, 213-386-2763.

PHYSICISTS, BIOCHEMISTS, biologists, mathematicians interested in teaching the intellectually gifted at the secondary school level? Send resume to St. Ann's School, 129 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201. Salary open.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You. Latest Australian Opportunities Handbook describing Government assisted passage, living allowances, employment, business, farming, teaching, hunting, fishing—plus application forms and Employers list. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DK, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

SECRETARIES-EXPERIENCED! Manpower has 4 month assignments available in England. Write Recruiting Director, Manpower Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

CONSIDER THE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL: greater academic freedom, more involvement with able students, small classes. We can assist you in finding a position in a fine independent school. College seniors or experienced. National coverage, all races welcome. Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

LADY WRITER seeks housekeeper-cook or student for small house Southampton, July, August. SR Box W-394.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers, nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. *Transworld*, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

HOUSEKEEPER, good cook, homemaker. Warm, personable woman for widower and daughter, aged 17. Live in beautiful home, half hour from central Manhattan. Other help. Good salary. Box W-370.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowances, paid overtime. Write: Global Employment, Box 706P10, Orinda, California 94563.

RETIRED EDUCATORS—The unique electronic learning system, EDUCASTING, can use your talents if you've served in top-level administration at secondary school or college and want to climb back into an interesting harness. Selected men, after training at headquarters as EDUCASTING Marketing Consultants, will be assigned home-area territories in Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, Delaware. No lengthy travel. Generous compensation and expenses. Work intriguing. Resume essential—no calls, please. EDUCASTING, P.O. Box 85, Radnor, Pennsylvania 19087.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

WANTED: Part-time teachers. Pre-school through 8th grade. Mid-Manhattan. Help plan and conduct experimental venture in Sunday religious education. State qualifications, college and teaching degrees, experience and references. Write Box W-361.

JOBS! JOBS! *and more JOBS! Overseas, U.S.A. Year*-round and Summer Jobs (Students!). Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. For Information, write: JOBS, Box 475, SR-7, Lodi, California 95240.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LAURELTON, QUEENS, N.Y. *A bold and exciting con*cept in family living. Exciting, because we are an intellectual, cosmopolitan community comprised of educators, judges, state senators, business people, etc. Bold, because we believe integration can work. Come and join our effort. We are community-sponsored, funded by a grant to promote this concept. Goodvalue Realty, 117-20 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. Tel. 212-793-4200.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Distinguished 1810 brick Colonial. Accessible Dartmouth, 2 hours Boston. SR Box W-383, 603-989-5862.

For Rent—Furnished

GREAT NECK, N.Y.—A/C ranch. 3 bedrooms, pianos. Excellent schools. Available 7/1/70. 30 minutes Manhattan. 516-487-4341.

REHOBOTH BEACH, Delaware—4 bedroom beach cottage, on canal—weekly or monthly. June, September, October. Heated and air conditioned. Mrs. Robert Richards, 2812 29th Place, Washington, D.C. 20008. 202-332-3484.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MAINE—New house, stone fireplace, 3 bedrooms, all electric kitchen. Secluded, dramatic open-ocean site. Box V-782.

BERKSHIRES—100 acre estate. Season, $1,000. 516-584-5702, 413-238-5846.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—Saugatuck Shores area. 150 feet from water, mooring rights. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, deck, appliances. Write W. S. Bahrenburg, c/o Saturday Review. Call 212-983-5567, nights and weekends 203-853-1519.

CROTON-HARMON commuting. 2 bedroom lake view guest cottage. Large living room, fireplace, swimming. Long season $1,200. 914-CR 1-3241.

FLORIDA GULF BEACH—*New 1 bedroom cathedral* studio with balcony. Secluded. Refined couple or single only. $900 for ninety day summer season. Write Groseth, 705 Treasureboat, Sarasota 33581.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT FARMHOUSE, acreage. $125 per week. 201-334-1630 days.

LOS ANGELES—Marina del Rey oceanfront. Quiet, comfortable 2 story house. 3 bedrooms. Spacious beach. Minutes to Beverly Hills and downtown. Children welcome. 213-392-1982.

NANTUCKET ISLAND—Lovely, small, cozy cottage. 5 rooms, fireplace, heating. 1970 to 1973 (anytime from May to October). 215-LI 9-1315.

SANTA BARBARA—Secluded studio in woods between Mission and Botanic Garden. Fireplace, Steinway, patio. $900 season. 805-962-4725 6 p.m. P.D.T.

CANTERBURY, ENGLAND. 3 bedroom furnished house. 1½ hours London. $200 monthly. References. SR Box W-386.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. farmhouse. July 1st-August 31st. $812.75. 914-EL 7-7694.

MAINE—Casco Bay island. 8 room, waterfront cottage. July 5th-19th, $325. SR Box W-387.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

For Rent—Furnished

NYC, EAST 70s. 3 well-furnished rooms. August-December or part. $375. Box W-308.

For Summer Rental

GREENWICH VILLAGE—3½ rooms, SAFE building; cheerful, $300 month, July-August. Reward good care. 212-CH 2-5327.

EAST 80s, NYC. Luxury 2½ rooms, terrace. $325 month. 212-249-1039.

ROME, ITALY. Furnished 3 bedroom apartment. $400 monthly. Ascoli, BNL, Chemistry, Upton, N.Y. 11973.

APARTMENT FOR EXCHANGE

CHICAGO-NYC—Chi Gold Coast magnificent 10 rooms, $500 monthly; need minimum 7 rooms, Manhattan. Box W-316.

APARTMENT WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

GOSHEN, CONNECTICUT, near Litchfield, on Route 63. 100+ acre farm, with 172-year-old home, 8 rooms, 2 baths. Needs some repairs. Tel. 203-229-6568 evenings.

STOWE, VERMONT—Home-business. 12 room house *with attached shop. Near ski slopes. 4½ acres. Skinger,* RD 1, Stowe. 802-253-4078.

38 ACRES beautifully evergreened hillside. Magnificent view, good road, privacy. Price $7,000. Others—free brochure. Corti Real Estate, Walden, Vermont 05873. Telephone 802-563-2261.

VERMONT LAND. Panoramic. Parcels $400 per acre. Mary Mitchell Miller, Broker, Rochester, Vermont 05767.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally adver*tised business while continuing present job. Investigate* immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-516, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

TWO NEW ENGLAND weekly newspapers with huge potential, nice area to live in, growing fast, gross $160,000, low overhead, priced at $176,000. Box W-360.

CAMPS

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Reeducation in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, *New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.*

TOO OLD FOR CAMP? Join coed environmental encounter group. Lalihot, 1225 Humboldt, Bellingham, Washington 98225.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? Write! Find out! Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, *sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs,* regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

(Continued on page 68)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

(Continued from page 67)

SEA SIDE CAMP—Maine Coast. Excellent Resource Staff creatively interprets, unfolds the Ocean World. Leadership development. Sessions for Junior age through High School. Interdenominational. Write: New England Baptist Council, Ocean Park, Maine 04063.

GIRLS, 12-15, seeking new challenge in wilderness living: DARK MEADOW is giving small group of congenial campers training in campcraft, nature, Indian culture, swimming and canoeing, work projects, trips. Live in 20' teepees, cook scrumptious meals with simple equipment. Farm & Wilderness Camps, Box S, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

WATER WORLD SUMMER CAMP—Live aboard 85' yacht cruising the Bahama Islands. An unusual camping sea-venture. Diving, Sailing, Water Skiing, Treasure Hunting, Scuba and More. Coeducational, 12 to 18, P.O. Box 2117, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33303.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

VERMONT'S FOREMOST VACATION VALUE. Famous for fine food. Fun for all ages. Conservative rates include meals. Color folder. John Quinlan, Box 87S, Cedar Grove Hotel, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont 05732.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $50. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

SAILING INSTRUCTIONS. Maine coast. Burleigh Hill Sailing School, Boothbay, Maine 04537.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

HOLDEN VILLAGE. Wilderness mountain community. $75 weekly includes faculty, arts, fishing, guides, therapy pool, saunas, meals, stimulating conversation. Chelan, Washington 98816.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. 25th year. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. Spring weekend specials. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

THE HEDGES, Cape May, N.J. Guesthouse, lovely rooms with TV, air conditioning. Parking. 609-884-3353.

VACATIONS

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel. Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar and sand beach. See your travel agent or for color brochure contact Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

SUPERB MAINE SEASIDE RESORT under two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. Theatre, art colony nearby. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTERS in the Catskills and White Mountains offer a unique vacation experience of recreation and mental stimulation. Through dialogue among people of different backgrounds, films and speakers, a global view and wholistic approach to life emerge. For information, write World Fellowship, Conway, N.H. 03818 or Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in elegant informality in 1-2-3 room apartments with kitchens, air conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE DANA PLACE. Luxurious mountain retreat. Distinctive cuisine, housekeeping condominiums, swimming, tennis. Route 16, Mt. Washington/Pinkham Notch, Jackson, N.H. Tel: 603-383-6822.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

WAKE ROBIN INN—Unspoiled Connecticut Berkshires, 2½ hours New York. Sun, lawn, lake, tennis, pool, dancing, golf, lively arts. Tempting food, libations, M.A.P. 203-435-2000. Lakeville 9, Connecticut.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-218.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

TUCKER HILL LODGE, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673. Tel. 802-496-3983. Rooms, superb food, swimming, tennis, golf, relaxation.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail. Private airstrip adjacent. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motor Wing, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms; cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

VACATIONS

THIRTEEN ACRES — Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary Laws.

NATURE'S TRANQUILIZER: A serene island, a small hotel and miles of winding trails through softwood forests to majestic cliffs where the sounds of birds, deep throated reef buoys and the wind in the trees awaken one's soul. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

WILDERNESS, CONVERSATION, FELLOWSHIP. Unusual ecumenical summer community. Seminars, workshops, riding, hiking. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

TAOS—Art, culture, beauty in northern New Mexico mountains as the personal guest of resident artist. Free brochure. Trebor de Taos, Box 242, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

OLD-TIME CHARM—MODERN COMFORTS. Near all activities. Good, warm salt water bathing. Central mid Cape location. Moderate rates include exceptionally good meals. TV lounge, recreation room. Open June 20th. Send for illustrated color folder. Richard Swan, Queen Anne Inn, Dept. 6, Chatham, Cape Cod, Massachusetts 02633.

ONLY 2 HOURS from Boston—90 acre estate. Enchanting combination of sweetly scented pine groves and majestic ocean cliffs. View 7 miles to sea 3 directions. Dinner—Cocktails—Pool—Golf. Nearby Beaches, Theatre, etc. May into October. Ogonquit 5, Maine 03907. The Cliff House & Motels.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $74 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, actively, lazily, musically at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts 01240, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send all, yes.

PUERTO RICO—Luxury efficiency apartment, economically priced. Hotel area. SR Box V-931.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Open April-December. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

ABOVE AND BEYOND—2,800' mountain lodge overlooking Roanoke Valley. 50 mile views. Cool, crisp air. Excellent food. Top-notch art instruction optional. Brochure. BLUE RIDGE ART STUDIO, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. Each person $17 to $23 daily; two delicious meals included. Rates $2 less in June; open 20th. Owner-Manager Thompson, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552. 617-645-2521.

SPECTACULAR MOUNTAIN VIEWS! Heated pool, fine food. Brochure. WILEY INN, Peru, Vermont 05152.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, RD3, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 8, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? *Charming, centrally* located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Vermont's unique resort on Lake Champlain. Color brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 66, Vermont 05460.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

RUSTIC LODGE on the Green Mountain skyline. Motel suites, spacious cabins. Swimming pool. Mountaineering and touring center. Open all year. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont 05701. A Treadway Resort.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing. Fasting. Rejuvenation. Organic foods. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person, double occupancy. June and September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont. U.S. 7.

ON FRIENDLY ST. MAARTEN—Mary Pomeroy is back to welcome old friends and new to "MARY'S BOON"—a special Inn on 3-mile Juliana Beach. Cool Dutch-French atmosphere away from Paper Dictators and Burlesque Armies. Create through new learning programs: Explore yourself and the island, or just relax, swim, snorkel and sail. P.O. Box 278, Philipsburg, Sint Maarten, N.A.

CHARMING LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY VACATION in deep, enchanting woods with swimming, boating, sunbathing, picnicking on two channel-connected lakes. Tennis, badminton, volleyball, shuffleboard, other sports. Fine food, good Hi-Fi music in/outdoors, 1,000 volume library, card room, game room, plenty to do. Acres to relax in, far from highways and towns. Since 1925 a haven for business and professional people. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

VERMONT—Charming, modern, old Inn. Delicious food, bar. Colonial Inn, Arlington, Vermont 05250.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND, at Amagansett. The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished 2½ to 4½ room seaside suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, pool and ocean beach, golf privileges. Rates & brochure: 516-267-3406.

WATERFRONT VACATION HOME. Sleeps 6. Summer $150 weekly. Piet Vanderhoeven, 23 Sint Annablvd, Curacao, Netherlands Antilles.

PUERTO RICO—Beautiful Luquillo Beach. 1 bedroom, *beachfront apartment, furnished.* Sleeps 4. $150 week, $500 month. Villamor, Box 6767, Loiza Station, Santurce, Puerto Rico 00912.

VERMONT—Lakefront camp, 2 baths, modern kitchen. Sleeps 14. Motorboat. $175 weekly. 203-288-0286.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP on lobstermen's harbor. Limited enrollment. Box W-119.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West studies.

COLLEGE STUDENTS—Summer study in Dublin: James Joyce and/or Aspects of Celtic Ireland. Write The Ireland Program, Franconia, N.H. 13580.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — Academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, for upperclassmen and Bonnigheim Castle for underclassmen. M.A. curriculum in Heidelberg; language, East-West studies and Theatre Arts in Berlin. Stimulating European Travel. American credit system. Selection of Summer Sessions 6-8 weeks: France, Germany. Write Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118 (Phone 405-842-5979), or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

INTERNATIONAL QUAKERSCHOOL BEVERWEERD. See "Schools."

CIEE STUDENT TRAVEL SERVICES 1970. Save on European travel with low-cost transatlantic transportation; intra-European student charter flights; the International Student Identity Card. Enroll in an introductory course at a European university. Write for information on study, travel and work programs abroad. Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. G-12, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship and complete field research in port. Applications accepted now for accredited Fall, Spring 1970-'71 semesters. Fall semesters emphasize Mediterranean-Latin American studies; spring semesters, Asian-African studies. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

AMERICAN COLLEGE LUXEMBOURG—Junior college liberal arts A.A. degree. Supervised boarding. Coeducational. Low student-staff ratio. European tours. Staff qualifications exceed U.S. norms. 24 Dernier Sol, Luxembourg or 5601 North Federal Highway, Boca Raton, Florida 33432.

TRAVEL

CARIBBEAN ISLAND. Charm and attractions of nature and local color which draw and hold interesting people. Beach, reef fish, boats, birds, bar. Skin diving equipment. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 2, Netherlands Antilles, or Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York 10019.

EUROPE'S GREATEST HOTELS & RESORTS—At last—a compendium of Europe's grandest hostelries, based on the opinions of renowned travel experts. It's all here . . . from detailed consensus ratings on the 132 award winners, to brochures and tariffs from many of these hotels, resorts and castle-estates. Deluxe prepublication edition, with brochures handsomely bound in a convenient travel planning slipcase, is strictly limited. $12.95 ppd. Robert H. Atkinson Associates, Suite A, 3230 Dunster Court, Fairfax, Virginia 22030.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZFU Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANGUILLA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*An-GWIL-la.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

A YEN TO TRAVEL? Let us help you plan where and how to go, where to stay, what to do. Over twenty years making flight arrangements worldwide, hotel accommodations, tours, cruises, for numerous Metropolitan New York pleasure and business travelers. Never a Service Charge! Contact: SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

TRADITIONAL BRITAIN — Exclusive opportunities to visit private homes, countryside, unique landmarks. International Courier Club, Clarendon House, Clifford Street, London.

TRAVEL

WHILE IN FRANCE lead a real French life, as paying guest in our family: Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

MY 41' RELIANT auxiliary yawl "SKONA" (means fair one) is ready in the Caribbean for active sailors or lazy escapists. Crewed or bare boat. Economy summer rates now in effect. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

CANYONLANDS NATIONAL PARK. The place to get away to. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $150 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

EUROPE—RENT A VW CAMPER—Write CampeRent, Parsons, 8 Munich 95, Postfach 950304, W. Germany. Tel. 0811-631-275.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays or Camping . . . small groups . . . at a leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Greece and Yugoslavia. 12th year. Students Abroad, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover *hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the* happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

ENGLISH HOLIDAYS for teenage girls. Riding, theatres, sightseeing, handicrafts. Private country house near London. Full board, careful supervision, American references. Box V-723.

THE CARIBBEAN. Your own schooner; live shipmates, crew. Great grub, grog, ports of call. Skin-dive, navigate, explore; limbo till dawn. 10 days, $245. Windjammer, Dept. 122, Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

BACHELOR BASH! Tokyo-Taipei-Hongkong-Manila. Men only. September 25th-October 10th. Brochure. Holiday House Travel, 916 East John, Seattle, Washington 98102.

YACHT CHARTERS in the Caribbean. Write Airmail. Blue Water Cruises, Box 758X, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801.

TOUR EUROPE BY JET—Spend 22 days visiting Copenhagen, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Venice, Lucerne, Paris, London, Ireland and Sweden. Full price from New York $799.60 includes air fare on scheduled airlines to, through and from Europe, carefully selected hotels (all rooms with private bath), baggage handling, tips, transfers, service charges, sightseeing, multilingual guides, most meals and full-time professional tour manager.
TEACHERS—EARN A TRIP FREE. Get 15 student reservations and go along as chaperone FREE; ⅔ off with 10 students, ⅓ off with 5 students. American International Travel, Dept. S, 612 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201 or phone collect 312-491-1740.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $150 weekly. Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive. Write Capt. Orvil Young, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $565 land portion. Departures first Monday every month. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1888

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Indirect, acting through an intervening agency	45 53 71 78 81 94 100
B. Second largest island of the Arctic Archipelago	104 163 174 179 4 88 95 117 126
C. Tormented	137 171 24 35 67 90 99 109 130
D. Genuine and lasting as a characteristic	142 151 166 189 14 25 30 58 61 83
E. Growing at high elevations but not above the timber line	96 175 11 37 55 110 129 147 183 187
F. Cemetery	13 41 47 66 75 162 176 77 91 120
G. American library pioneer (1851-1931)	172 182 39 44 74
H. Union general at Gettysburg	113 115 116 131 143
I. Based on some information or experience	149 192 28 50 54 124 132 20
J. Novel by Anatole France	31 40 49 121 144
K. Wine bottle holding about five quarts	157 3 64 87 148 188 6 103
L. Agreements	160 165 52 105 136 21 38
M. Poor, dishonorable	119 185 72 107 146 158 178 193

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Greek philosopher (396-314B.C.), disciple of Plato	10 56 92 128 135 180 190 1 8 29
O. Diminished	102 150 164 32 65 97
P. Bric-a-brac stands	114 152 18 34 122 134 140 169
Q. Servile; hopeless	22 84 186 5 63 161
R. Pseudonym of Solomon Bloomgarden, American writer in Yiddish	51 70 125 156 112 167 159
S. In too great a degree	27 154 9 48 133 168 86 69
T. Visionary idea	79 153 23 98 62 93 139
U. Contemporary English author ("Strangers and Brothers")	57 82 46 127
V. Hortatory	80 181 59 177 33 16 85
W. Augments, heightens	17 19 2 73 42 145 89 68
X. Exaggeratedly at attention, as a cadet (3 wds.)	184 101 170 60 7 173 138 12
Y. Satellite of Neptune	108 111 26 118 15 36
Z. English journalist, critic, and poet (1756-1826, "The Baviad" and "The Maeviad")	123 155 76 106 141 191 43

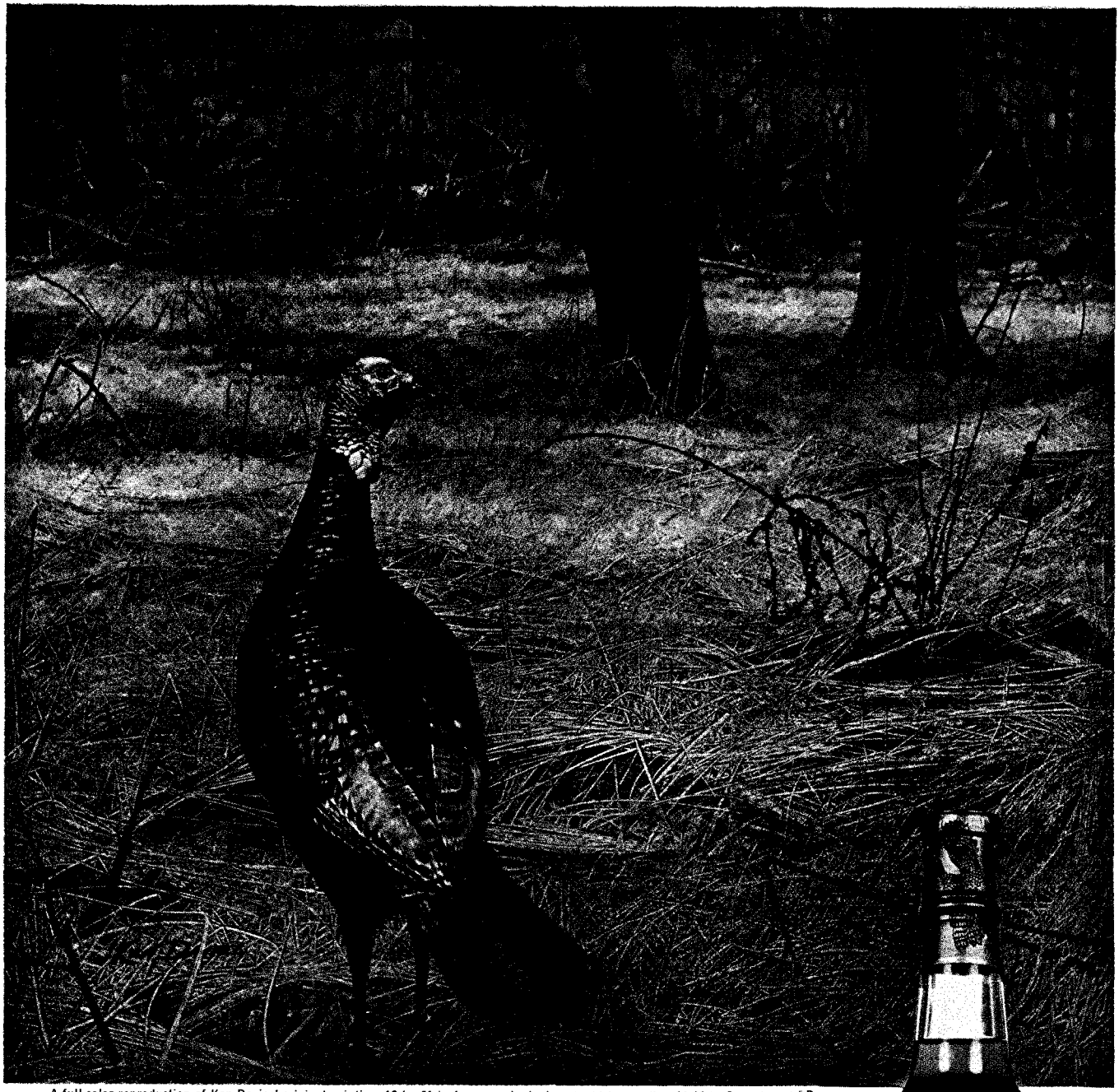
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 N	2 W	3 K	4 B	5 Q		6 K	7 X	8 N		9 S	10 N	11 E	12 X	13 F
14 D	15 Y	16 V	17 W		18 P	19 W	20 I		21 L	22 Q	23 T	24 C	25 D	26 Y	27 S	28 I
29 N		30 D	31 J	32 O	33 V	34 P	35 C	36 Y	37 E	38 L		39 G	40 J	41 F	42 W	
43 Z	44 G	45 A	46 U	47 F	48 S	49 J	50 I	51 R		52 L	53 A	54 I	55 E	56 N	57 U	
58 D	59 V		60 X	61 D		62 T		63 Q	64 K	65 O	66 F	67 C	68 W	69 S	70 R	71 A
	72 M	73 W	74 G		75 F	76 Z		77 F	78 A	79 T	80 V		81 A	82 U	83 D	
84 Q	85 V	86 S	87 K	88 B	89 W	90 C		91 F	92 N	93 T	94 A	95 B	96 E	97 O		98 T
99 C	100 A		101 X	102 O	103 K	104 B		105 L	106 Z		107 M	108 Y	109 C		110 E	111 Y
112 R	113 H		114 P	115 H		116 H	117 B	118 Y		119 M	120 F	121 J	122 P	123 Z		124 I
125 R	126 B		127 U	128 N	129 E	130 C		131 H	132 I	133 S	134 P	135 N	136 L	137 C	138 X	139 T
	140 P	141 Z		142 D	143 H	144 J	145 W	146 M	147 E	148 K	149 I		150 O	151 D	152 P	153 T
154 S	155 Z	156 R	157 K		158 M	159 R	160 L	161 Q		162 F	163 B	164 O	165 L	166 D	167 R	
168 S	169 P		170 X	171 C	172 G		173 X	174 B	175 E		176 F	177 V	178 M	179 B	180 N	
181 V	182 G	183 E		184 X	185 M		186 Q	187 E	188 K	189 D	190 N	191 Z	192 I	193 M		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



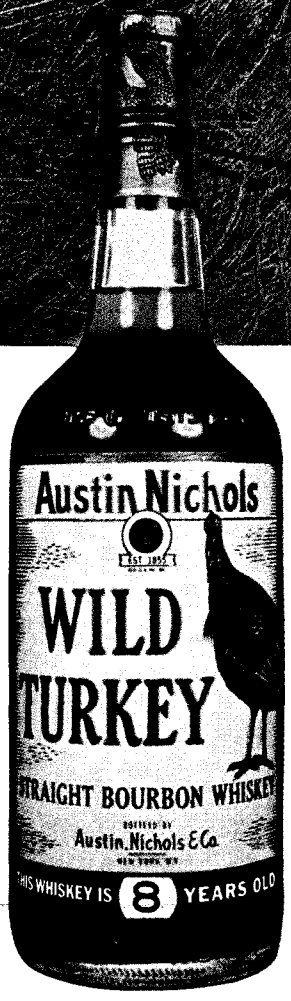
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department SR, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Spain, palates are never bored. Not with 562 different dishes to choose from.

Spanish cuisine.
Hundreds and hundreds of tantalizing dishes.
Each an exciting tour in itself.
Made even more so by
some of the world's finest wines.
The wines of Spain.

Let Spain happen to your palate.
It's one of the most exhilarating things
you can do for it.

SPAIN IS EXCITEMENT: DISCOVER IT.

Fly to Spain on Iberia, International Airlines of Spain, where only the plane receives more attention than you.

For further information contact
the Spanish National Tourist Office.

Chicago: 180 North Michigan Ave. 60601 • (312) 641-1842
Miami: 338 Biscayne Boulevard 33132 • (305) FR 9-3792
New York: 589 Fifth Ave. 10017 • (212) 759-3842
San Francisco: 209 Post St., (Suite 710) 94102 • (415) 986-2125

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED